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OLLA PODRIDA,

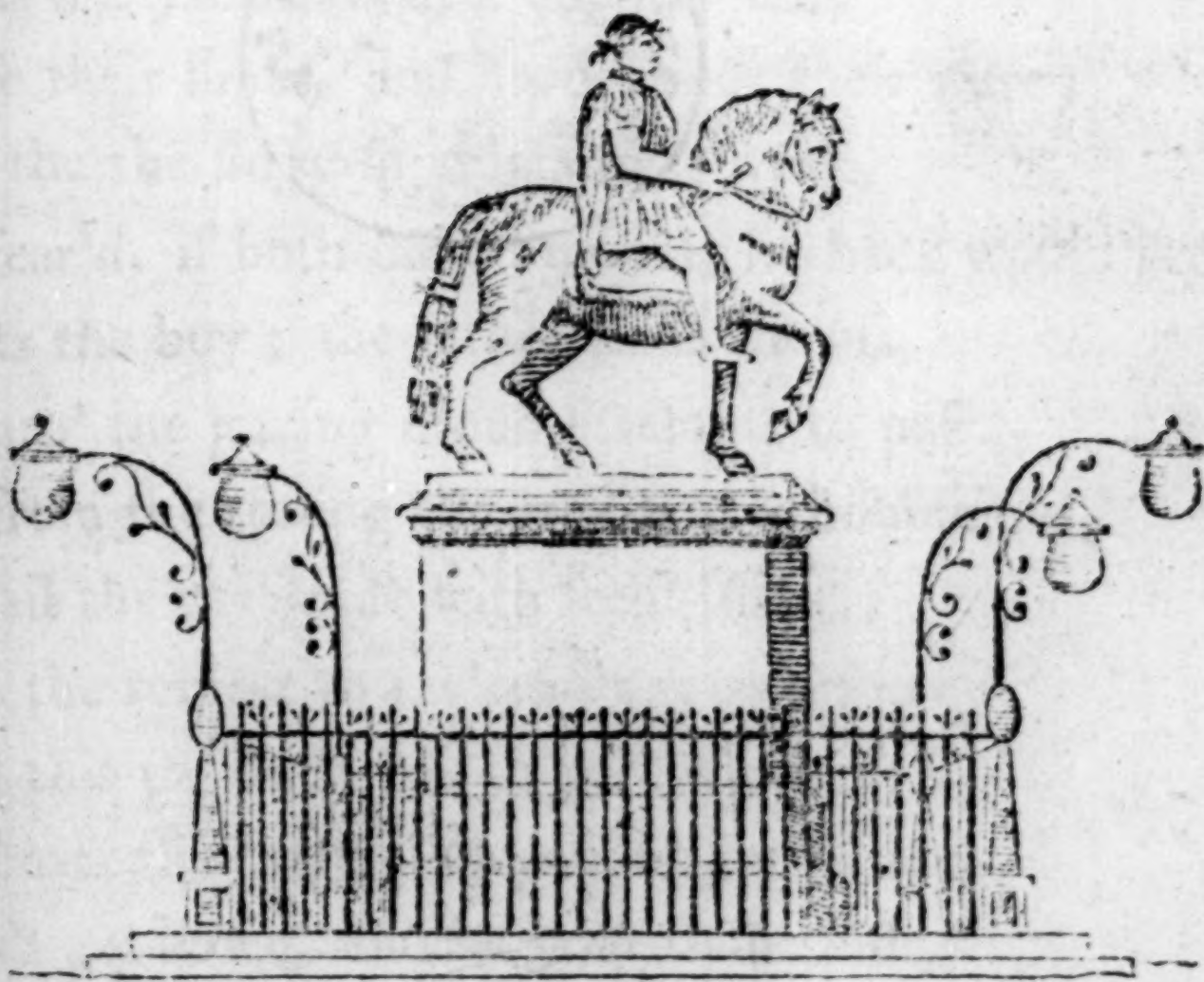
FROM

• *H P.P. & Hull*

THE HULL ADVERTISER

AND

EXCHANGE GAZETTE.



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LOWGATE, HULL.

1860.



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PREFACE.

By way of PREFACE, let a Fable pass—
Suppose we take

The OLD MAN, SON and ASS?

Once on a time, a Son and Sire, we're told,
(The stripling tender, and the father old)
Purchas'd a Jack-Ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would break.
Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,
And thro' the gazing croud attempts to pass.
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout;
"This the respect to rev'rend age you shew?
"And this the duty you to parent owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are set astride,
"Sirrah get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian youths were seldom void of grace,
The decent duteous lad resign'd his place.

Then

Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man:
“ Sure, never was brute beast so void of nature !
“ Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?
“ To your own baby can you be unkind ?
“ Here—Suke, Bill, Betty, put the child behind.”
Old dapple next the clown's compassion claim'd :
“ 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't aſham'd ;
“ Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast !
“ They might as well have carry'd he at least.”
The pair, ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount, and bear the Afs—Then what a noiſe !
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent Sire theſe words provoke :
“ Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call :
“ VAIN HIS ATTEMPT *who ſtrives to PLEASE THEM ALL.*”

THE
OLLA PODRIDA.

From the Hull Advertiser.

EPIGRAM

IMITATED FROM ROUSSEAU.

A Vagrant Love, from fair to fair,
In search of beauty idly straying,
Found many eyes not worth his care,
Such as he did not wish to stay in.
To CLOE's bower at length he flew,
Where CLOE woo'd the cooling breeze;
Her bosom half exposed to view,
Her eyes—Elysium there he sees!
With speed the envious urchin goes,
To claim the EDEN he beheld,
But there a Group of Loves oppose,
His entrance—every niche was fill'd.
Eager to get a little room,
He, struggling, toil'd and push'd, and prest
In vain—denied the happy doom,
He slipp'd—and fell on CLOE's breast!
The wags above began to scoff—
"Ambition had not gain'd her ends,
"He's off." "True," cried the imp, "I'm off—
But not so badly off, my friends."

Wit.—In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined Wit? The Doctor replied—"My Lord, *wit* is like what a *pension* would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

To the Printers of the HULL ADVERTISER.

As I find in your paper for JESTS there's a nook,
(Of which I've good store in a *manuscript* book)
I now send you one for insertion next Friday,
Which will add to the—*Bulk* of the OLLA PODRIDA.

It chanc'd on a time, that an Irish dear honey,
Who'd lately received, a small sum of money;
Took it into his head to dispose of his riches,
In what he much wanted,—a good pair of Breeches.
On a piece of prime stuff, his eye overcasting,
And asking its name, he was told, "Everlasting;"
"If it be *everlasting*!" (quoth Pat with a stare)
"Then by Jafus my jewel I'll purchase *two* Pair." W. B.

A middle aged gentleman paid his addresses to a *very young* lady, but when he asked her in marriage, was refused. Having acquainted a neighbouring clergyman of his disappointment, he received the following laconic, scriptural answer: "You ask and you receive not, because you ask a *miss*."

ON A LATE DUEL.

Tom Hector was ask'd on his late *bloodless* duel,
Who could second a man in an action so *cruel*;
Could one such be found? "Aye many," cry'd he,
For as to my *seconds*, by G— I had *three*."

Hull, Dec. 5, 1795.

R. E.

NOAH WATER.

Poor simple mistress Water, luckless dame!
 Had but one child, and Noah was his name,
 A boy unlucky from his very womb;
 One day his loving mother saw him pitch
 O'er head and ears, into a deep dug ditch,
 In search, perhaps, of an untimely tomb.
 Help! Help! she cries, my poor unlucky tike,
 O Lord! there is *No— Water in the dike.*

W. P.

SPECTACLES

A TALE.

Robin, who to the plough was bred,
 And who could neither write nor read,
 Seeing the good old people use,
 To read with things across the nose,
 Which they for ever wore about 'em,
 And said they could not read without 'em;
 Spying a shop where such like things,
 Hang dang'ling in a row on strings,
 It took him in the head to stop,
 And ask the master of the shop,
 If he cou'd furnish folks that need,
 With glasses that cou'd make 'em read;
 Sell 'em a pair of what dy'e call it,
 Wou'd fit his nose and wou'd'nt gall it.
 The man his draw'r in one hand took,
 The other ope's a bible book;
 The draw'r contains of glasses plenty,
 From three times five to five and twenty;
 Some set in horn and some in leather,
 But Robin cou'd approve of neither;
 And when a score of pair he try'd,
 And still had thrown 'em all aside,
 The man grew pceevish—Bob grew vex't,
 And swore he couldn't read the text.

"Not read! confound you for a fool,
 I'll hang if you ere went to school;
 Cou'd you e'er read, without the help
 Of Spectacles?"—"Why no, ye whelp;
 Do people that can walk without
 Buy wooden legs to stump about."

W. P.

THE MISTAKE.

A cannon ball one bloody day,
 Took a poor sailor's *leg* away,
 And as on comrade's back he made off,
 Another fairly took his *head* off;
 The fellow, on this odd emergence
 Carried him pick-pack to the surgeons.
 "Zounds," says the doctor, "are you drunk,
 To bring us here a headless trunk?"
 "A lying dog," quoth Jack. "*he said*
 His *leg* was off, and not his *head*."

W. P.

A TALE.

A careless surgeon of a man of war,
 Who seldom minded much the sickly tar,
 But always, with him whatso'er the matter,
 Prescrib'd a plenteous dose of *salt sea water*;
 Wishing once to have a cruize ashore,
 His friends perhaps to visit, or a wh—e,
 In going down the vessel's lofty side,
 He got a slip and plung'd into the tide:
 On deck, the captain strutting to and fro,
 Heard the loud splash and bustle down below,
 And calling in a sharp imperious tone,
 Desir'd to know, *what fun was going on*,
 "Only Sir," cry'd a tar who lov'd his jest,
 "The Doctor's slipt into his *Med'cine Chest*."

W. P.

THE FELONS,
A TALE.

Condemn'd was Teddy Blarney and his brother,
For perpetrating some vile deed or other;
(Perhaps 'twas asking for a miser's purse,
Or unask'd, taking off a neighbour's horse,)
When just about to suffer for his sins,
Ted doleful thus his dying speech begins—

“ All ye who view this dismal sight to day,
“ By our example friends, take warning pray,
“ For death, or infamy, must soon or late,
“ In this world surely be the villain's fate;
“ There hangs my Brother! he's already gone,
“ For all his past offences to atone;
“ See what unlawful courses bring men to,
“ An awful *spectacle* in him you view;
“ And when I'm hung upon the fatal tree,
“ Why then—*A pair of spectacles* you'll see.”

Hull, Aug. 2, 1796.

W. P.

EPIGRAM

By Mr. COLLIN's *Author of the Evening Brush.*

Once a Cockney and Yorkist maintain'd a dispute,
Whether London or York was of oldest repute;
And the contest kept up, with a clamorous pother,
About “which *Lord Mayor* took place of the other;
When a Wag, who stood by, took the part of the tyke,
Saying—London to York, was, in fame, nothing like;
And,—that when their chief magistrates met on the road;
Never yet did the *first* dare the *last* incommode;
As the law of the land, which binds Lords to obey,
Makes the Lord May'r of London turn out of the way!

At this *sage* arbitration, so pleas'd was the clown,
That the umpire, he swore, deserved a crown.

But the wag thus reply'd—“ No great conjuror I,—
“ For without the black art, we this not can untye,
“ And, before you exult, hear the reason, I pray,
“ WHY the Lord Mayor of London, for YOUR's must
break way,—

"The former, when pleas'd on a journey to fix.
 "From the City sets out, in a chariot and fix;
 "While the latter whose state you so boastfully brag on,
 "His journey must take in the Yorkshire Stage Waggon;
 "Which *waggs on*, by law, with its dignify'd load,
 "Unimpeded, while chariots turn out of the road!"

Poor *Sapscull*, thus craftily put to the blush,
 Thought a badg'ring to 'scape, 'twas the best way to
BRUSH.

THE NAVAL SUBALTERN.

A LACONIC TALE.

Ben Block was a vet'ran of naval renown,
 And renown was his only reward;
 For the Board still neglected his merits to crown,
 And no int'rest he held with my Lord!
 Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
 And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!
 When the death-dealing broadside made worm's meat of
 men,
 And the scuppers were streaming with gore!
 Nor could a Lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
 The staunch tar to dispise scanty prog,
 But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
 And drown care in a jorum of grog!
 Thus, year after year, in a subaltern state,
 Poor Ben for his King fought and bled;
 Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
 And the hair from his temples had fled,
 When, on humbly saluting with sinciput bare,
 The first Lord of the Adm'ralty once;
 Says his Lordship, "Lieutenant you've lost all your hair,
 Since I last had a peep at your sconce!"
 "Why, my Lord," replied Ben, "it with truth may be said,
 "While a bald-pate I long have flood under;
 "There have so many Captains walk'd over my head,
 "That to see me quite scalp'd, 'twere no wonder!"

BRUSH

The Bon Mot without a Joke.—A daughter of a labourer, who had been in service in a pottery from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones*. HYMEN at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring Clodhopper led her to the altar, nothing loath. Some time afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, “Well Mary, have you rested your bones yet?”—Yes indeed, replied she, with a sigh, “*my jawbones.*”

LIKE NO PART OF LIKENESS.

Teddy meeting with Teague upon Watterford quay,
Arrahnow, but says he, what's the news of the day?
Truth, says Teague, none at all worth while to mind,
Excepting last night, that I saw a great wind,
Saw a wind, sure says Teddy, why that was quite queer;
Pray what was it like, and how did it appear?
It appear'd very frightful, says Teague, by my showle,
For I hook like an asp to see how it did howle;
And for what it was *like*, by the King's precious crown!
But 'twas *like*—To have blown my poor cabbinn quite
down. BRUSH.

EPIGRAM.

Poor Paddy, once angling on Liffey's green side,
His fish-hook and line had scarce dipt in the tide,
When a peppering shower came on, helter, skelter!
And under the arch of a bridge he took shelter;
Where, whilst he once more was adjusting his tackle,
He thus was o'erheard, like a gander to cackle:
“Devil burn me, but here since I'm drove to resort,
“While I'm snug in the DRY I'll be doubling my sport,
“For by shifting my ground the more Fish I shall get,
“They'll all bundle *HERE*—to keep out of the *WET*!”
BRUSH.

EPIGRAM

POOR PATRICK was dragg'd dripping wet to the shore,
Half drown'd—weak and trembling each limb,
“ Devil burn me,” said he, “ if I touch water more,
'Till I've taught myself better to swim.” BRUSH.

EPIGRAM

ON A BULL AND NO BULL.

A Wag having wager'd with TEAGUE half a crown,
About how many signs of the Bull where in town;
TEAGUE swore there were *three* which was flatly denied;
And to point out a bull more than *two* was defied;
When he thus 'gan to count!—there's the black bul in
foregate,

“ That's one;—then the second's the white bul in
norgate,

“ And as for the next, which makes *three* you'll allow,

“ In the very next lane, there's the little brown cow ”

“ A right Irish blunder ” says each stander-by,

“ And your bet you have lost.”—“ tut,” says Teague,
“ that's a lie : ”

“ I'll be bound, 'stead of losing my wager I win it,

“ For the blunder's a BULL, or the devil is in it.”

BRUSH.

IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing Mrs. SECOND sing at the Musical Festival, in
Birmingham.*

IT was said by the world (and dispute it who durst)

That of all vocal prodigies MARA was FIRST!

But, as flowers in autumn will fade and decay,

And leaves shrink and dry till they drop from the spray ;

So the vet'ran in fame, past her heyday and prime,

Must, like time-beating Stephen, be beaten by time,

And though not convinc'd, while with thousands imburs'd,

That “ the first may be last, and the last may be first ; ”

Though MARA, 'mong warblers, the first is now reckon'd,

Not remote is the day when the FIRST will be SECOND!

Birmingham, Sept. 3, 1796.

BRUSH.

EPITAPH

ON

PAUL FULLER AND PETER POTTER,

Who lye buried close by each other in Shrewsbury Church-yard.

'Tis held by PETER and by PAUL,

That when we fill our graves or urns,

Ashes to ashes crumbling fall,

While dust to dust once more returns!

And, lo! a truth unmeant for mirth,

Appears in monumental lay;

PAUL's grave is fill'd with FULLER's EARTH,

And PETER's cram'm'd with POTTER's CLAY.

BRUSH.

THE PARSON AND PATRON.

Lord S——dw——ch thus wrote to his chaplin one day,

“ Dear Tom would you leave off to preach and to pray,

And Bishop like sit in your sinecure chair,

Take Miss *** off my hands, and her settlement share :

Each year shall a leath of good hundreds supply,

And in clover you'll wallow, you rogue, till you die :

But, if you're determin'd to cross my intent,

Pray don't take AMISS, what, I'm sure is well meant.”

This friendly proposal the parson refusing,

An answer thus penn'd for his Patron's perusing

“ My Lord the great good which to me you'd extend,

My pride it shall be, to proclaim, WITHOUT END;

And your friendship exalted, so much I regard,

'That I hope it will meet—an EXALTED reward!

While your wish I reject, tho' depend upon this,

'Tis comply'd with so far, as to—Not take A MISS.”

BRUSH

THE ANTEQUARIAN SUBTERFUGE.

While CURTIUS to rarities modern invites us,

Where, void of antiques, his collection delights us :

And arts vivid wonders presents to our view,

Real life almost matching in shape and in hue;

C

Over great things, in little, thro' glasses we pore,
His taste is VIRTUE but to magnify more;
Who with modesty's grace, and good sense, plays the show-
man,

And, with gasconade puff, gives displeasure to no man!
How different the spider, like prig of the schools,
Who in Oxford's museum spread cobwebs for fools;
Who thither repair'd, and who paid well for peeping,
At what furnish'd HIM with voluptuous housekeeping!
As bombastic appraisement he gave to each trifle,
Their folly to feed, and their pockets to rifle;
Making geese pass for swans, whiting's eyes for hen pearls,
In a lecture trump'd up for raw boys and green girls!
When, at last, an old sword, rusty, jagged and long,
He produced as a nonsuch to 'stonish the throng!
"This sword of all swords, says he, mark hilt and blade,
"Is the most famous sword, that was ever yet made;
"It was Balaam's, the Prophet, who made his ass quake.
"And the sight on't, when drawn, made the animal speak!"
"Nay, that's a mistake, says a grave stander-by,
"Balaam *wanted* a sword, and between you and I,
"He *wish'd* for one too, but his wish was in vain,
"So the prophet was riding without one that's plain."
"Why then, says the soph. 'tis but shifting the case,
"And the sword to your sophistry shall not give place;
"For as pure naked truth, I in vain never fish'd for,
"This sword of all swords, was the sword that he
wish'd for."

BRUSH.

EPIGRAM.

Fatigued with some hours of hard scrubbing and cleaning,
Betty's passions grew boist'rous, and past all restraining;
As her anger, arous'd on occasions so trying,
Could not be confin'd to heigh-ho-ing and sighing,
So thus she broke out in complaints to a neighbour
"I'm sure, that *men* ought for us women to *labour*,
To be soon made a *mistress*, I'll do my endeavour,
For I swear, that a *maid* I'll not be for ever." T. B.

THE LADY'S CHOICE,

AN EPIGRAM,

Lucinda's luck did spinsters grudge,
 While lovers twain pursu'd her;
 For while she charm'd an old grave JUDGE,
 A young gay SHERIFF woo'd her.
 The JUDGE was rich, the SHERIFF poor,
 Papa preferr'd his lordship;
 And mammon scorn'd for cupid's lure,
 Old *Squaretoes* deem'd a hardship.
 But miss, whom rank nor wealth could move,
 To be by dotard bedded;
 (For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her love,
 The hangman she'd have wedded:)
 Said—"since 'to LOVE and CHERISH too'
 "Was wedlock's institution;
 "JUDGEMENT, may have its weight with You,
 "But I'M for EXECUTION. BRUSH.

INFALLIBILITY PUT TO THE TEST,

AN EPIGRAM.

When a proud popish galley, on Italy's coast,
 Once detain'd and insulted a small British bark;
 The captain from Civita Vecchia took post,
 And at Rome, for redress, he arriv'd in a jerk.

Where, in plain, honest terms, having drawn up his case,
 He demanded an audience of old Pater Noster;
 Insisting our flag should not brook such disgrace,
 Nor his Popeship presume such sea lubbers to foster.

Your flag, quoth his holiness, well I'm aware,
 Most despotic, usurps o'er the ocean dominion;
 But, by what delegation from heaven, you bear,
 Such a charter, or right, has not met my opinion.

Your opinion to fix, then, replied the rough tar,
 The parchment peruse which makes you heaven's proxy;
 And a grant from saint Peter, with *your's* on a par,
 Our right to confirm, you'll, as firm as a ROCK see.
 BRUSH.

EPIGRAM.

Tom taken by TIM, his new mansion to view,
 He observ'd, "'twas a BIG one, with windows too few,"
 "As for THAT," replies TIM, "I'm the builder's forgiver,
 "For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the liver."
 "True," says Tom, "as you live upon *farthings* and
mites,
 "For the LIVER 'tis good,—but damn'd bad for the
 LIGHTS BRUSH.

EXCUSE FOR OBLIVION,

AN EPIGRAM.

Maria one morning was smitten full sore,
 With the tooth-ach's unmerciful pang;
 And she vow'd if she liv'd to the age of five score,
 That she still should remember the fang;
 But a skillful young Dentist, her torture dispell'd,
 And so soon sent her anguish to pot,
 That mamma from her flirting, a rat having smell'd,
 Cry'd, "Mifs, why your tooth's quite forgot!
 When Mifs having shewn that her grinder was gone,
 "To forget 'tis but common," she said,
 "Such a thing as we think not worth thinking upon,
 "For you see 'tis quite OUT OF MY HEAD."

BRUSH.

EPIGRAM.

A Brainless young crimp, with an upcocking snout,
 Was one day at coffee-house prating;
 And while about battles he made a great rout,
 And his prowess most highly was rating,
 A stranger who stood pretty near to the prig,
 And of nonsense had had a full dose,
 Said, "fir tho' of guns you've drawn many a trig,
 "Pray don't cock your nose quite so close,"
 "Cock his nose, and why not?" says a droll stander-by,
 "On his feats he has nobly enlarg'd;
 "But his nose, cock'd and prim'd you may safely defy,
 "For I'm sure that his head is not charg'd."

BRUSH.

THE BENCH ARRAIGNED BY THE BAR,

AN EPIGRAM.

When WILMOT was a rev'rend Judge,
 And THURLOW but a pleader,
 His lordship never bore him grudge,
 Though NED in wit was leader,
 But, oft he rais'd the bencher's glee,
 With homespun jest and jibe;
 As NED, for hob-nail repartee,
 Topt all the Long-robe tribe,
 And once the wag was told in Lent;
 (A time not vastly tidy)
 The judgment seat his lordship meant,
 To mount upon Good-Friday.
 "Why then (quoth Ned) since Cain of old,
 "His tyburn 'scape did smile at,
 "But ONE judge did the same I'm told,
 "And that was PONTIUS PILATE!"

BRUSH.

LEX TELIONIS,

AN EPIGRAM.

B—C—T, the bully of the bar,
 In cross-examining a witness,
 A buxom wench, with coal black hair,
 And most remarkable for neatness;
 Hearing her name was Mary Moor,
 With bant'ring pun, more dull than droll,
 He sneering cry'd—"A gipsy sure!
 "And now I think on't, call'd BLACK MOLL."
 Right," says the girl by chance you speak
 "More truth then you're aware, I trow,
 "For true it is, my pride to pique,
 "That every Blackguard calls me so,"

BRUSH.

AN OLD TALE IN A NEW DRESS.

Once a quaker in court on a trial subpæned,
 Who of each word he spoke the true meaning well weened;
 By B—rc —ft examined, while Erskine stood by,
 For the counsellor's WHEREFORE, had always a WHY;
 And while answer to question, he gave APROPOS,
 He would often make use of LIKEWISE and ALSO.
 "LIKEWISE and ALSO," says the browbeating lawyer,
 "Don't bore us so much with your meeting-house jaw here;
 LIKEWISE and ALSO have no meaning but one,
 So with such vile tautology, *stiff-rump*. have done."
 "I deny the remark," quoth the quaker, quite cool,
 "And who says they're synonymous, must be a fool;
 There's the man at thy elbow a lawyer confess'd,
 Which is not the case with each lawyer profess'd,
 For thou, my good friend, as plain dealing I prize,
 Art a lawyer ALSO, but by no means LIKEWISE."

BRUSH.

EPIGRAM.

*On reading that INIGO JONES, Esq; (a descendant
 from the great Architect of that name) was, with
 three other Members, expelled the Irish House
 of Commons.*

By Mr. COLLINS, Author of the Evening Brush.

Pray good Mr. INIGO alter your name,
 As you're banish'd the hive with the rest of the drones;
 For, 'tis plain, since your worship an outcast became,
 'Stead of IN-I-GO now, you are OUT-I-GO JONES.

BRUSH.

*The week after the above appeared in the Hull Ad-
 vertiser, the following lines were received by the
 Editor :*

"Sir by inserting the underwritten you will
 much oblige, A. LADY.

"Mr. Humour—I hope in the next piece of wit,
 "To see IN-I-GO wisdom, and OUT-I-GO Pitt,
 "That our cares may be lessen'd, our burdens may cease
 "By OUT-I-GO war, and IN-I-GO peace."

EPIGRAM

The late Mr. HOMER of London once din'd,
With a good friend at Hackney, with whom he was kind,
This friend had two sons who had just come from college,
Bob and *Bill* where their names, to the best of my know-
ledge.

The dinner being over, (and wine brought no doubt)
Mr. HOMER in silence got up and walk'd out.—

Cries *Bob* "HOMER leaves us without e'en a nod I see,!"

"He does," says the *Father*,—Quoth *Bill* HOMER'S
ODD-I-SEE."

"Well said!"—replied *Bob*, "you're witty, good *Bill*, my lad;

"But you sha'n't out do me, for observe HOMER'S
ILL-I-ADD." D.

To F.—On a rope breaking with which he had hung
himself.

Thou'rt more than mortal—ever have this hope,
Thy thread of life is stronger then a rope.

THE GREAT COAT.

Says William to Thomas "I verily thought
When the dog-days had come, you'd have cast your great
coat,

Pray how do you bear't?" "what a question! good lack!
You fool don't you see, I bear't on my back."

Hull, July 1, 1796.

D.

A FRAGMENT.

"If this be law," says serjeant D.

"I may burn all my books I see."

"You may indeed," cry'd serjeant Hirst,

"But you had better read them first."

D.

EPIGRAM.

As Jack, a highflier was hast'ning to Dover,
 He chanc'd by bad driving, to throw his gig over;
 And while a poor fellow, (as poor fellows should)
 Unharnes'd and got up Jack's *choice bit of blood*;
 "To fall thus," cries Jack, "most of all things I hate,
It stops one so long, and it makes one so late."
 "You are wrong," reply'd clodpate, "'tis clear that a fall,
 Is got in an instant, and stops not at all,
 "By this instance 'tis plain, when the devil thus drops you,
 'Tis *again getting up*, and not falling that stops you."

13th June, 1795.

D.

A FACT.

As a cockney rode forth, to his friend thus quoth he,
 (Having just seen *two ravens* alight on a tree,)
 "I've heard of the *blackbird*, also of the thrush,
 Pray are not those *blackbirds* which sit on that *bush*."
 "No no," quoth the other, "they're not my friend Jack,
 Those birds are not *blackbirds*, but *birds that are black*."

27th Aug. 1795.

D.

THE JEW.

Once on a time, a Jew, a wretched sinner,
 Had got a *spare rib* (nicely cook'd) for dinner;
 And as he took a bit—a clap of thunder
 (Such as would make e'en Doctor Priestley wonder)
 Began to roll—and it began to lighten,
 In such a way, as half mankind might frighten;
 "Zounds," quoth the Jew,—as down he laid his knife,
 "I never knew the like in all my life——"
 "Heavn's!" he exclaim'd—straight dropping down his
 fork,
 "What horrid, dreadful, terrifying work!"
 "And all—*because I eat a bit of pork*."

Hull, Nov. 2, 1795.

D.

AN OLD TALE IN A NEW DRESS.

"Which may shew the wanton wit,
"That whilst he bites he may be bit."

There was once a young Priest and a Lawyer of Stafford,
Who, at wit of their own, were full well known to laugh
hard;

In folly and impudence few could them equal,
But assertion's no proof,—so proceed to the sequel:—
These gentry rode forth once, in May or in June
No matter;—they met on the road a poor clown;
A miller he was—says the Lawyer to TYTHE-TAKE,
"Here's a Butt just a coming our spirits will blythe make,
"Do you ride on *that side* the fellow to vex fore,
"And I'll go on *this side* and strive to perplex more."
As AFORESAID spoke first—to the rustic quoth he,
"Well! how dost thou do? thou'rt a miller I see:
"Pray answer us one thing, hast thou e'er been at school?
"Can'st tell us if thou 'art most *knave or fool*."
"Good troth," said the miller, "to say it I'm loth—
"But I really believe I am *just between both*."

D.

A LITTLE TALE.

At a tavern one night,
Messrs. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says *More*, "of us three,
"The whole town will agree,
"There's only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," says *Strange* (rather sore)
"I'm sure there's one *More*,
"A most terrible knave and a bite,
"Who cheated his mother,
"His sister, and brother,
"O yes," replied *More*, "that is *Wright*."

Hall, Sept. 14, 1795.

D.

D

EPIGRAM.

As Patrick O'Connor was taking the air,
 To recruit his ill-health, and to chace away care,
 He was met by a woman, old wretched, and thin,
 And to move his compassion, she thus did begin:
 "Kind sir! give me alms, for I perish with want,
 "I've plenty," said he, "and by Jafus you shant."—
 And thus she continued, "I knew you'd relieve me,
 And now I will speak, for I'm sure you'll believe me:
 Good sir? you must know me—for I was *your nurse*,"
 He started with horror, and put up his purse.
 "I know thee too well thou basest of creatures;
 I know the too well now I look at thy features;
 And sooner by far than I'd give thee a groat,
 Thou wretch I'd destroy thee, and cut my own throat,
 For I was a fine, healthful, stout child as could be,
 Just such as *I now* most assuredly should be,
 If thou sinful hag—to my parents unknown—
 Hadst not wickedly *changed me for one of thy own*."

Hull, 9th Sept. 1795.

G. D.

EPIGRAM.

A bullet was aim'd at a thickheaded Pat
 But being too high, only went through his hat
 On which he exclaimed to his friend who was nigh,
 "How lucky it was my *hat crown* was so high,"
 "For if it *had not* I had surely been dead,
 "As the bullet had certainly *gone through my head*."

Hull, 5th July, 1795.

R. W.

IMPROMPTU,

*On a Gentleman leaving his Brother with an intent
 to settle at a considerable distance.*

"Though *own brothers* to day,
 When I *go away*,
 The diff'rence in our situation;
 So extreme will be then,"
 (Says Bobby to Ben!)
 "We shall only be *distant relations*."

R. W.

EPIGRAM.

A poor hypocondriac, tir'd of his cares,
 Into a deep river sous'd o'er head and ears,
 But finding that swimming still kept him at top,
 In a neighbouring tree he next tuck'd himself up.
 A passenger seeing him, watch'd by a clown,
 Cries "fellow! why don't you cut the man down;"
 "Och! honey (says Pad) does't concern you or I,
 "That he's *wet* and has hung himself up there *to dry*."

R. W.

EPIGRAM.

A Spanish general, of immense renown,
 Who storm'd with ease a *henroost* or a *town*,
 Was kill'd in battle some few years ago;
 Perhaps four cen'tries and a half, or so:
 Some learned friends upon his grave-stone plac'd
 This humble line, with true laconic taste:
 "Here snores a man—(approach with awe profound)
 "In whose great heart fear never entrance found."
 Beneath, wrote Charles the VIth, who puns did handle,
 "That gemman with his fingers then ne'er snuff'd a candle."

W. W.

A person who was lately visiting the museum of
 Mr. Geo. Wallis the celebrated gunsmith, at Hull,
 happened to take hold of a very curious fowling
 piece, and fixed his *attention* so particularly upon it,
 that Mr. W. not much liking the appearance of the
 man, civilly requested him to replace the gun where
 he found it; the man replied, the gun was not
 charged, and therefore there was no danger of it
going off. True, replied Mr. W. but I had a
 fowling piece of the same kind stolen the other day,
 so you see it may *go off* though it is not charged.

Bon Mot.—During the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of *strong* body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted a member: “I think said he, to the president, I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a *great* man, in the *literal* sense of the word?” “True, replied the other, but I am afraid you are but a *little* man in the *literary* sense of the word.”

A young gentleman at the University of Cambridge, who was known to have a *very pretty talent* for making verses, having one day found the “*furor scribendi*” particularly urgent, retired into his own apartment to indulge himself in his favorite occupation. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and as the warmth of his imagination corresponded with the fervor without, his poetry could not fail to be uncommonly *glowing*. He accordingly began as follows:

The sun's perpendicular heat,
Illumines the depth of the sea,

He had proceeded thus far when Phœbus, whose beams are sometimes found to inspire sleep as well as genius, exerted the former power upon him with such effect, that in a few minutes he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow collegian coming into the room while the poet was in this situation, and seeing from the paper which was laying before him, the nature of his employment, he immediately added two other lines to the above, in order to complete the verse. The man of genius, awaking soon after to his utter astonishment and confusion read as follows:

The sun's perpendicular heat,
Illumines the depth of the sea :
"And fishes beginning to sweat,
"Cry d—n it how hot we shall be."

Anecdote.—The late Mr. Francis Care, of Dublin, remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex, and *not* remarkable for the strength of his understanding, having entered into a connection with the noted Fanny N——, hired her a very smart equipage and suitable establishment. One day they were taking an airing on the Parade, and Fanny who in every respect had taken *the reins in her own hands*, was driving along at a furious rate, when they were met by Mr. H. the Banker—Bless me Fanny, said he, what are you about—Only, replied she, following the maxim of the old song, *driving dull CARE away.*

Lines written during the Rebellion in the year 1745.

The three great enemy's pray remember,
The pope, the devil, and the pretender ;
All wicked, damnable and evil,
The pope, the pretender, and the devil,
I wish they were all hung in a rope,
The pretender, the devil, and the pope.

In the violence of party, occasioned by the same Rebellion, a gentleman, in the interest of the Pretender, was desired to drink the King's health. He did so, in the following words :

God bless his Majesty, the faith's defender !
God bless—(no harm in blessing) the pretender !
But who *pretender* is, or who is *King*,
(God bless us all) that's quite another thing.

A certain great Doctor in a neighbouring county, *very modestly* assures the Public, that he cures every disorder incident to the human frame by a single infallible specific, and then proceeds to affirm that he cures the dreadful disorder the scurvy *by another*.

At a meeting held at a sea port town, for taking into consideration the best method for raising men for his Majesty's Navy; one gentleman very sagely and very seriously proposed, as the most speedy and certain method of furnishing a large supply, *that every Seaman should furnish a Seaman fit for the Navy, and every Landman should furnish a Landman.* Hull.

A story has been published, in most of the papers, respecting a man whose head was cut off during the massacres at Paris, in September 1792. The *head* fastened its jaws upon the *leg* of the executioner, and bit it in such a manner as to occasion his death. We have no *doubt* about the authenticity of this story, but our objection to it is that it may injure the memory of St. Patrick, who *only* swam across the Shannon with his *head* in his *teeth*! 1796.

An advertisement in an Irish paper, lately setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from *metal window sashes*, among other particulars, observed that "these sashes would last *for ever*," and *afterwards*, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for *old iron*."

Irish Simplicity.—A young woman of Dublin, who was apprehensive of some unhappy effects from an illicit amour which she had for some time carried on with a Dutch sailor, mentioned her situation to a friend of hers, who advised her to place her future offspring to the account of her master, as being the richer man of the two: I was thinking of that, replied the fair one, but then you know the child will discover all when it begins to *speak Dutch*.

Droll request.—An Irishman went lately into a shop in order to purchase a *map of Ireland*, “and I shall be much obliged to you (said he) to let the *county of Clare* be in it.”

An Irishman at Liverpool, who had entered as a volunteer, was also ballotted for the supplementary militia:—“Indeed” says Pat, “but I must have a *double-barrelled gun*, with *two touch holes*, to serve both!”

A man who went under an examination before one of the London magistrates, being guilty of some petty crime, was told, that if he chose to serve the KING, his punishment should be dispensed with, asked the magistrate—“in what way!” “why, pray,” replied his worship, “what countryman are you?” “Irish an’ please your honour.” “Have you ever been at sea?”—“have I ever been at sea! why, does your worship’s worship think I was trundled over from my own country in a wheelbarrow.”

Bon Mot.—A quarter-master in a regiment of light horse (lately quartered in a neighbouring county) who was about six feet high, and very corpulent, was joking with an Irishman concerning the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation—"By my soul," said the Irishman, "Ireland never made such a bull in all her life time, as England did when she made a *light* horseman of you."

When Dr. Swift was dean of St. Patrick's, he was informed that the Beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for him and asked him some questions relating to his political talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the Dean intimated that he should compose some verses on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window; which he accordingly did, and the Dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring at the same time that he was a better poet than Ambrose Philips; the following were the lines,

To night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t' have been blown up to-morrow,
Therefore take care of fires and candle light,
'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night.

The following is literally copied from an Irish paper.—"To Hercules Langrish, Esq.—Sir you said, in the House of Commons that in support of the present war, a man should part with his *last* guinea to secure the *rest*. I have followed your advice. I have parted with my *last* guinea, and I find I can't get a single potatoe for the *rest*. Your advice, Sir, will oblige your humble servant,

1795.

"THADY O'DOWD."

"One thing is *clear*," says an Irish paper, "that all things are *dark* at present." 1796.

Sir Boyle Roche of blundering fame, is going to bring in a bill in the Irish House of Commons, to oblige every "Irishman who is a Foreigner," to take an oath of allegiance to the King.

Sir Boyle has however, lately been excelled by Mr. Knight, whose muse, in an *Irish* frenzy, introduces him to dwell on.

The pleasing *memory* of joys forgot!

Irishisms.—The Dublin Journal shrewdly observes, that Patricks close is *constantly* in a state of darkness, as one half of the lamps have not been lighted for months, and those that are *never burn*.

On the banks of a rivulet in the north of Ireland, is a stone with the following curious inscription, which was no doubt intended for the *information* of strangers travelling that road :—"Take notice that when this stone is *out of sight*, it is not safe to ford the river!" This is something similar to the famous finger-post which was erected by order of the Surveyors of the roads, some years ago in Kent :—"This is a bridle-path to Feversham; *if you can't read this*, you had better keep the main road."

The printer of a paper in Ireland was threatened with a prosecution, for inserting the *death* of a person who proved to be *alive*.—The menace was accompanied with this *shrewd* observation from the Attorney : "No printer should publish a *death*, unless he has it expressly communicated by the party."

An Irish gentleman on hearing of the additional duty about to be laid on pleasure horses, exclaimed "by J——s, then, I will sell my poney immediately, and the next *horse* I buy shall be a *mule*."

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably : why, exclaimed an Irishman who was present, would you beat the poor *dumb* animal for making a *noise*.

In the Londonderry paper, is the following advertisement :—Wanted for the Yeomanry Cavalry, thirty stout and *perfectly sound geldings*.

N. B. They must not be *Mares* nor *lame*.

An Irish Doctor advertises in one of the Dublin papers, the infalliable cure of deafness and blindness. The *deaf* he says, may *hear* of him at a house in Liffey-street, where his blind patients may *see* him from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon.

EPIGRAM.

A fire breaking out, 'tother night at an inn,
Where honest Pat Dogherty took up his dwelling,
The people were rous'd : but in spite of their din,
Pat snor'd, tho' the watchman kept knocking and
yelling.

Then Pat, who at length thro' the window did peep,
Said, "bother your soul for a stupid old codger,
"How dare you to wake one before one's asleep,
"Arrah let the house burn—sure I'm only a lodger."

An advertisement was issued on Saturday from one of the public offices, offering a reward for the recovery of an *escrutoire*, a bed, and a side board, stolen out of "an *empty* house," in Goodman's Fields.

EPIGRAM.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring villains stole his team away :
Giles wakes and cries—what's here, a dickens what !
Why, how now—am I Giles or am I not?
If Giles, I've lost six geldings to my smart,
If not—odsbuddikins, I've found a cart. X. R.

EPITAPH

*At Newtonbury, a village near Biggleswade, in
Bedfordshire.*

Both young and old that passeth by,
Remember well that here lies I;
Then think on death for soon too true,
Alas ! 'twill be that here lies you.

EPITAPH

In Driffeld Church Yard.

Oh ! fatal DEATH what hast thou done?
Depriv'd me of a son,
But since it is to God's decree,
I hope in heaven to meet with THEE.

EPITAPH

In a Church Yard, Wiltshire.

Beneath this stone lies our dear child, who's gone from we'
For evermore into eternity ;
Where *us* to hope, that *us* shall go to he,
But *him* can ne'er come back again to *we*.

EPITAPH

In Grantham Church-Yard.

John Palfryman which lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four year ;
And near this place his mother lies,
Allo his father when he dies.

EPIGRAM

On the great number of Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, who come to teach the good people of England to speak the English language.

See townright Taffy from his mountains break,
And teach, Cot pless *hur* cootness, how to speak.
Here Sawny tells you when to drop your jaw,
But if you *winna* learn, then he drops *twa*.
Says Paddy, by St. Patrick's *skoul* you're wtong,
I'll make you speak because you have *no tongue*.

M. R.

EPITAPH

AT NETTLEBED, OXFORDSHIRE.

Here lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,
We all died within the short space of one year,
They be all buried at *Wimble* except I,
And I be buried here.

A letter with the following superscription, lately passed through the general post-office Dublin:—
“To Mr. Fitzpatrick, at the sign of Saint Patrick, Patrick's library, opposite Patrick's church, Patrick's street, Dublin.”

Inscription in the Church at Frensbury in Kent.

“A list of sundry pious persons, who loving this place have left the following benefactions to the poor.” There is not a single name of a benefactor upon the stone, but at the bottom is written,
“Witness *our* hands.

William Gibbons, Vicar.”

A letter from a father in Sunderland; to his son in Newcastle.

SON,

Thy mother hath taken an old coat of mine, to make thee one against this time. I have sent Peggy with the old mare : thou and she can ride back by turns. I am told thou makest little progress in thy learning, for which thou art an *ass*, and

I am thy father,

July 13th.

R—T—.

The following letter was actually written to a Merchant at Norwich.

“ Sir,

“ This is to acquaint you, or your heirs, that I heard you was dead : but I packed up some wool before you was so, though I would not send it before I knew whether you was dead or no, and what circumstances you died in. I beg a speedy answer, and remain yours, &c.”

Curious Advertisement taken from the Clonmell Journal.

Run away last night, my wife, Bridget Coole. She is a tight neat body, and has lost one leg. She was seen riding behind the Priest of the Parish, through Fermoy, and as we never was married, I will pay no debt that she does not contract. She lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about Faries, and is of no use but to the owner.

Aug. 17.

PHELM COOLE his X mark.

The following inscription is copied from over the door of a house in a small village in Dorsetshire :—
 “John Sibbins, tailer, schoolmaster, and astronomer. I also keep a journeyman to do all sorts of blacksmiths and carpenters work, and to hang church bells, &c. Any gentleman as bespeaks a coat may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail—N. B. Being rumoured that I attends to leave of business on account of me being elected church-wording, I hopes my friends will not give eare to such bloodthursty reports, by their humble servant,

“JOHN SIBBINS.”

Advertisement from the Balinasloe Journal.

“Whereas it has been reported that I was the man pillored about three years ago, at Balinasloe. Now I will give five guineas to any body that will prove the same ; or, I will bet 20 guineas to 1 that I am *not the other man.*

SHADY MACKURIKYZ.

Mr. Bradshaw, a farrier, after defending himself from some supposed calumnies, concludes by public advertisement, in a south country paper, with these remarkable words :

“N. B. If any thing should be said of me I am not the person.

JOSHUA BRADSHAW.”

The following extraordinary advertisement was published in Malton, in the month of February, 1774, as appears from one of the York newspapers printed at that time.

To all good christians that love Ale.

Notice is hereby given, yt *excellent ale* is sold at the *Parsonage-house*, the sign of the *White-Horse*, in KIRBY-UNDER-DALE.

Copy of an advertisement in the Chelmsford paper.—“A report having prevailed in the parishes of Braintree and Boking, that I William Lee, of the East Essex Militia, was *executed* at the Old Bailey some time since, I take this method of returning my most *grateful thanks* to the inhabitants of the said parishes, for their *kind insinuations*, and at the same time to inform them, that I am *alive* and *well* in the above mentioned regiment.

Sept. 6, 1796.

WM. LEE.

The following sweet bit of information to the ladies appeared in the Shrewsbury paper.—“A young man, not long set up in business, pastry-cook and confectioner, wants a wife suitable to him, who can assist him in business; his time being much taken up, takes this method for one; He will have no objection to a Ladies maid! not one who professes ladies themselves need apply, as he well knows his business will not support ladies. Any young woman as this may suit, by applying to W. G. near Market hall, Ludlow, may be treated on this subject.

“N. B. Fortune will be no object, so they can have a good character from the people in general.” —What character the gentleman has we cannot say: he seems, however, not to be over-baked, so that the lady, if an artist, may mould him to her own mind.

A man who has lately opened an ale house in the vicinity of Bloomsbury's square, has put the following very singular inscription in large letters, over the door "Thomas Francellon, late coachman, to Lord Thurlow, — *the old Black Bear entire.*"

Inviting offer.—A person in Hull goal has published a notice, that if the man who committed the offence for which he is imprisoned, will come and confess the same, he shall be *handsomely rewarded.*

Jan. 1796.

A certain innkeeper in the county of York must be a *bold man* indeed ; in a paper a short time since he advertises :—Robert*** having taken and entered upon those spacious and *well accustomed* premises, **THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA**, hopes for the *assistance* and encouragement of all gentlemen, travellers, &c.

A learned wight a few nights ago, was informing a number of friends, how unanimously a certain vote passed, "in short (said he) it passed *crim con.*"

In a late paper a Taylor advertised in the following manner ;—"Wanted a GENTLEMAN thoroughly qualified in that business, as partner with a GENTLEMAN of that *profession* in *full practice.* The gentleman who advertises will treat with any gentleman whom this may suit, on the most *genteel* and *amiable* terms."

Modern refinement.—A lady not many days ago, took her daughter to a boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of tuition; when, after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes upon some work'd picture subjects in the parlour; and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, ask'd "what is that?" "that," replied the tutoress, "is Charlotte at the tomb of Werter."—"Well I vow," rejoined the lady, "it is vastly beautiful—Betsey my dear, you shall work *Charlotte in a tub of water?*"

The following curious bill was found on examining the papers of Mr. Gitton, Attorney, in Bridgnorth, who died a few years ago.

Hon Sir Thomas Gitton, Esq.

Sept. 27, 1759.

Debtor to John Ridley, Carpenter,
For hacking & hewing & sawing &
squareing & cutting & contriving &
hanging John Ridley.
three days & a half 7s. 6d.

A Taylor, at Tantoby, near Tanfield, in the county of Durham, has lost his apprentice, and in consequence thereof inserted in one of the Newcastle papers, published on the 12th inst. an advertisement which concluded with the following remarkable sentences:—"Whoever will give information of the said Apprentice to his said Master, which may be the means of bringing the said Apprentice to Justice, and whoever may employ the said Apprentice after this public notice, shall be punished as the Laws direct." Jan. 1796.

F

*Roast beef and plum
is a luxury*

*Written on the door of a Chimney-Sweeper's house
at Easingwold, 15th June, 1795.*

Who lives here?
Who do you think;
Alexander Turner,
Give him a drink?
For why?
Because he sweeps chimnies;
Cleans smoke jacks; and is
always dry.
Then if your chimnies be on fire,
He'll put them out to your desire.

LINES

*Pasted up in a window of a young Hair-Dresser, just
begun Business, at Hinckley in Leicestershire.*

CRAMP, the barber lives here; step in if you please,
Tho' my shop is but small, in my chair you'll find ease;
Here am I that shall shave you, if shaving's your wish,
With my cloth, my sharp blade, and hot suds in my dish;
If so thick are your locks, or so thin that you hate 'em,
Here's my scissors for those, and for these my pomatum;
If you wish to be clean, and your cheeks smooth and nice,
Pay your penny—the job shall be done in a trice;
If in whipping your beard off, I give you much pain,
Why take back your cash—but if not come again.
I'm neat and expert in the dressing of hair,
For my business I learnt with Mr. Adkins late mayor.
Now gentlemen I humbly your favours do crave,
And I'll endeavour to please you while on this side the
grave.

The Alexandria Gazette, of Nov. 17, contains
the following curious advertisement:—To be Sold
one of the best *Horse-Shoers* in Virginia, and his
Wife. The Smith is about 40 years old, and his
Wife about 45. *They will be sold for a good Note,*
negotiable at the Bank at 90 days.—Apply, &c.

The following advertisement, which appeared in a country paper, will shew how nearly vulgar life approaches to the depravity of the great world. "To be sold for *Five Shillings*, my wife Jane Hebband. She is stoutly built, stands firm on her posterns, and is sound wind and limb. She can sow and reap, hold a plough, and drive a team, and would answer any stout able man, that can hold a *tight rein*, for she is damned *hard mouthed* and head-strong; but if properly managed, would either lead or drive as tame as a rabbit. She now and then, if not watched, will make a *false step*. Her husband parts with her because she is too much for him.—Enquire of the Printer.—N. B. All her body cloaths will be given with her."

The following is a literal copy of a Note received at a Register Office, in Chester.

"Wanted, a woman servant, that understands all works of necessity, she must be honest and indefatigably diligent, one who can rub and scrub, no little tattle, but must frown on her neighbours; a good sempstress, religious, no going out on a Sunday, wash and get up linen, to read good books, no Welsh; about 30 years of age, good looking, robust, broad set, understands a little cookery, a lover of church, good humoured, no waster of coals and soap, and must not take snuff.—Any person possessed of these qualifications will meet with an extraordinary good place, and if approved of, will be allowed the tea-pot after it comes from my table, she must find herself sugar.—N. B. I keep a very good house for meat, but providing we shall fall short of meat in the middle of the week, we make out with penny mutton-pies, there is no scant or want."

Instead of informing the Public, through the medium of a newspaper, of a marriage after it has taken place, it seems to be the practice in Holland to notify the *intention* by advertisement. The following is contained in a Leyden Paper, of the 24th April.

"The undersigned, having resolved to unite themselves by bands of marriage, have the honour to give this information to their relations and friends.

(Signed)

"Lieut. Gen. DOMONCEAU.

"A. W. GREMERS."

A curious advertisement in the Leyden Gazette.

It has pleased the Sovereign Disposer of all things to take unto himself, last night, my wife, Lady Anne, countess of Welderen, born at Whitwell; she died at a very advanced age, after a lingering decay, and an illness of three months and a half. I notify this loss, so sensible and painful to me, to my relations and friends, intreating them to spare me all letters of condolance.

Hague, April 3.

J. E. WELDEREN.

Ditto, in the Amsterdam Gazette.

This morning about ten o'clock, my dear wife, Catharine Elizabeth Unlenbrook, was happily delivered of a girl: I advise my relations and friends of this circumstance by this present.

JOHN HARBRINKE.

Amsterdam, 12th April, 1796.

Inscription on a board at a tradesman's shop in Sunderland.

Poaks and sacks foaled hear by the makar. Ha Family Bibell to be raffald forr, or it may be foaled.

Stuck up in a window of a rural laboratory in a Cornish village, is the following scrawl:—"Cod fries cord ill hand adder mad Sins," literally meant by the writer, to inform the public, that the shop-keeper sells "Godfrey's Cordial and other Medicines."

From a sign board at a village called Black Bank near Leeds.

James Roberts

Black Bank Doctor and Urin Castor and Botonist NB
By the elp of God and erbs of british Growth cures
all manner of disorders inhuman and cattle And as
performed vara greet cures all our this county.

The following is copied from the sign board of the Hare and Hounds, at Hilton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire.

The hare do run,
The dogs do chaife,
Here's good yall,
Cum in and taste.

Copy of a sign over the door of an Apothecary's Shop, in a village, in the West of Yorkshire.

Whereas I John Drake, of Caulton, who formerly lived with Mr. Thomas Reeves, of Weston, where I learned the whole art of physick and surgery too. I cures the Itch at once 'nointing I intends being at Weston every Monday morning at 10, o'clock at Colley at the same time, and Cringleford all under one.

Comical sign board.—Upon the door of a house occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, is a board expressing as follows:—BARNES and SON, blacksmith and barber's work done here horse-shoing and shaving locks mended, and hare curling bleeding, teeth drawing, and all furriery work. All sorts of Spiratus lickers akording to the late comical trety. Take notis my wife keeps skool and lays fokes as you shall, teaches reading and riting and other langwethes, and has a sist aunts if required to teach horitory, sowing and mathew maticks, and all other fashonable diversshons.

The following curious bill was stuck up against a market-house, in Hertfordshire.

“This is to give notes to all gent mean Gemsters, and others, that a Tusday next, a hatt to rofeld for at the Crose Keeys, at gust word wood, 6 begin a way Grashely.”

Hand bill.—The following is an exact copy of a manuscript hand-bill, which was stuck up on the door of a blacksmith's shop, in Staffordshire. “I Y—— H—— dwellith within shows orses and meakes all the shows gud as enney hin thee koon-trey. Teches salmudy in parts for churches hevery knight at height in ye hebbening sondays and faires and hother days hecksept when notas is given prickt roones reddy mead for youse and likewise antums forr all heckashoons.”

The following incendiary letter was lately sent to a gentleman at Burnard Castle :

This is to let you no if you dow not mack it oup with Gor Ra, you may depend you shall rew it, your Hous shall be Blan oup in a few day's, and fine Mr. Gibson, that incoredg you, shall have his shugar Casks couming down the chenel, lick a thunor Shuer, the tim is at hand, when you shall trembel, you workers of Enaqueatey, turn in time or you will be cout down, turn to the frends of the Pepel, or you cannot be savead, if you strick one blow, it is dun, from not your Humble Savt. but dow car for you.— N. B. 100l. reward was offered in the Newcastle papers for the discovery of the writer of the above letter.

1796.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—*A farrier's account of a mare being stabbed in several places, and otherwise ill-treated:*

“ This is to satisfy your Woshop that I Jon. Key was fatcht Next morning to Luke at the Mare & I Can make it apeer it was melishely dun with Som instrement & the mare is dangros Hill She is very much sweld on the Ead Beley & Sides full of wounds She as been propley drest and Care took off but keeps swelling it was don the twelft of Ser. 1794 & it is now in a soar sityouashon.”

I yr Humble

Survant Jon. Keay farrier.

The following piece of non-orthography was sent to the church-wardens of Sutton St. James, in Lincolnshire, in answer to an advertisement inserted in a newspaper a few weeks ago, of a school-master and parish clerk wanted:

"1796 March the 2 Geentlemen I write to you to Let you no that I hope I am Capple of dune your Benesses and I hope you will find me So and I will In dever to mend and I hope I Cane Teache your School as fore Arithmetic that Is the Art of Numbering. Truly and of finding all the properties and powers of numbers I Cane Teach Substraction multiplication and Division and Cross multiplication the Square and Cube Root and I No my wife Can horder the house as well as ane Woman in the parthe god knows I did not think upon Gentlemen to write to you and I Shall be Ready to Sarve you if you think well to Send for me you moSt obedient Servant Gentleman at Sutton St. James So Mr. Charles Mr. Barker-if you please to write to me as sune as you Cane possible 1796 and you may direct It to Mr. John B——Whittlesea for James W——
6978 farthings makes 7l. 5s. 4½d.—5899 pence makes 24l. 11s. 7d."

A Wag advertised a few years ago in London, a Carriage to perform without Horses, with only *one wheel*, and invited the *curious* in Mechanics to see it.—Many of the Members of the Society of Arts attended, and in the ardour of expectation were shewn—a *wheel barrow*.

Literature.—Run for on Saltburn Sands on the 3d day of April 1797 A match by two Horses for ten Guines Each the Best of two four mile Heats and to Carey Eight Stone Each Noallows for Wast Likewise a Tea Kettle to be shut for by far Board Guns Also Aside of Beaken to Be shut for on the a Bove propofals With other Devertion as voufel All Despuets Ariseng to be thear Detrimened By two persens Be fore the Race Nomeneated all Porsens that Wishees to shut for the a Bove Preses is Defered to mite at the Hous of William Laverack Sene of Pack Hos Saltburn by Ten of the Clock in the for Nown upon a Count of the Horses Runea By Two in the after Nown.

In the city of Rochester, on a house of antient form a stone is placed with the following inscription.

Six poor travellers, not being rogues,
Proctors, Women, or contagiously infected
May have lodging here, and be courteously entertained
One Night Gratis.

And each of them shall receive four pence as soon as admitted
Richard Watts, Esq. formerly of this city, by his will,
dated August 22d 1657, founded this Charity.

In gratitude to his memory, (the former inscription being worn out)

This stone was inscribed and erected in the Mayoralty of

Benj. Graydon, Esq. A. D, 1725,

The Mayor and Citizens of this city—the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, Church Wardens, and Commonalty of the Bridge, are to see this executed for ever.

G

Inscription on a Watchmaker's sign board at Nottingham.

To be sold all species of trochilic HORODIXES.

Some circumgirated by internal elators,

Some by external appended ponderas,

Some lingaculous & some taciturnal:

Should these lines abstruse attention claim,

My shop attend, and there discuss the same.

Remarkable Inscription now legible on a large Tombstone, in the Church-Yard of Easingwold.

S. M.

ANN HARRISON,

Well known by the name of *Nanna Rann Dann*.

Who was chaste but no prude

And tho' free yet no harlot,

By principle, virtuous ;

By profession a protestant.

Her freedom made her liable to censure,

Whilst her extensive charities

Made her esteem'd.

Her tongue and her hands were not governable,

But the rest of her members

She kept in subjection.

After a life of 80 years

Thus spent,

She died November 15th 1745.

Passengers! weigh her virtues,

Be charitable,

And speak well of her.

N. B. Many people at Easingwold can give a very curious account of this singular personage.

Literal Copy of an Epitaph in Marisk Church-Yard, Cleveland.

Afflicted sore, short time a bore,

Physicians try'd in vane ;

Till God did pleas, Death for to seas

And free me of my pain.

EPITAPH

In Gilly Moor Church-Yard, near Kirbymoorside.

In memory of Robert Stoneas and Honor Stoneas
My Brother and i Here doth ly
None after hus need for to cry
We brought nothing Into this world
Nor have carried nothing ought
All must dy if they are never so stought.

A dramatic author, on presenting a comedy to
one of the Theatres, assured the Manager, that it
was a production by no means to be *laughed* at.

Dialogue.—"Would you believe it? Lord —
tells me he has written a *Comedy*, but I suppose he
was *joking*." By no means, for I have seen it, and
I assure you that there is *no joke* in it.

*Literal Copy of a Play-bill distributed at North
Somercoates, Lincolnshire.*

At the Theatre North Somercoates
On Tuesday Evening November the 8th will be,
Presented a Comedy called the
Road to Ruin
or thats Your Sorts

End of the Play a Comic SONG,
To which will be added a Farce calld the
Poor Soldier.

Pit 1's Gallery 6 d to Begin at 7 o clock
carravans Hatt & Bonnet Boxes' made repaired
rooms painted in a neat Immitation of Paper
Hall & stair-cafes stained French Grey or Lemon
Doors &c painted in Immitation of mahogany
House Painting in General on the Lowest Terms.
Waggons carts & Signs Lettered and Painted
SACKS MARK'D on a new construction.

Garrick's first appearance.—It is more than half a century since Mr. Garrick made his first appearance in the character of King Richard the 3d. before a London audience, tho' he had previously, under the fictitious name of Lyddal made an Essay of his theatrical abilities at Ipswich.—A copy of the advertisement announcing that event, runs thus—

Goodmans's-Fields, Oct. 19th, 1741.

“At the late Theatre in Goodman's-fields this day will be performed A Concert of Vocal and Instrumental MUSIC,
DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS.

Tickets at three, two and one shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern,
near the Theatre.

N. B. Between the two Parts of the Concert, will be presented an Historical Play, called

The Life and Death of KING RICHARD the III^d :

Containing the distresses of King Henry the 6th—The artful requisition of the Crown by King Richard—The murder of the young King Edward the 5th, and his brother in the Tower—The landing of the Earl of Richmond : and the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth-Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster, with many other Historical passages.

The part of King Richard by a Gentleman, (who never appeared on any Stage)

(Here follows the rest of the Characters)

“With entertainments of Dancing by Mons. Fromer, Madam Du Val, and the two Masters and Miss Granier.

To which will be added a Ballad Opera of one Act, called

The VIRGIN UNMASKED.

The part of Lucy by Miss Hippeley, both of which will be performed gratis by persons for their diversion.

In the course of a long and active management Rich, (formerley patentee of Covent-Garden theatre) had acquired a considerable fortune, and was, on many occasions liberal, particularly to those who preferred the genius of pantomime to acting. A country performer, who perhaps might have offered no considerable share of incense in this way, prevailed so much upon Rich, that he permitted him to make his debut at Covent-Garden theatre in Hamlet. The man shewed himself totally disqualified for his part from the first scene; but when he came to the celebrated soliloquy of "to be or not to be," he unfortunately wanted to blow his nose; but being as unfortunately provided with no pocket handkerchief, he had recourse to his usual habit of the fingers, which set the audience in such a roar of laughter that it was with difficulty the rest of the play could be dragged through.—Rich, who stood upon tenter hooks at the side of the scene through the whole course of the representation, said nothing till the play was over, when going up to the performer, he exclaimed, "Mr. —, I believe you to be a very good kind of a man, and know you to be a good companion; but as to acting, d—mn me, Mr. —, you must go and blow your nose at some other theatre."

Lancashire definition of Parliamentary debates.—A farmer's wife in a Lancashire village was asking her husband, what was the meaning of *the debates* about which so much was said. "Why, (says he) I suppose it means this: th' men i'th' parliament up at Lunnon make sham quarrels, and then grins at us folks i'th' country for believin um to be in earnest."

VORTIGERN.

As the Literary World seems to be almost **MAN** above ground, about the posthumous productions of Shakespear, the following autographical sample of that great Bard's poetical remains, will, I hope, tend to terminate all controversy about the genuine and sterling authenticity of those inestimable, invaluable, and never-to-be-enough prized publications, for which the public are to be so universally beholden to the most ingenious and ingenuous **MR. IRELAND.**

1796.

BRUSH.

*A Propheeie whych will be founde in my Ould Mulberrie Tree
Tobacquoee Baxxe, 190 Yeares after I amme noe moarre.*

Somme Writingges I shalle leave behindenne mee,
Whych 'till awhyle shalle notte promulgedde bee ;
Inne whiche mye Naame shalle differentte Wayes be
spelledde,
And mannie a differentte Storie shalle bee telledde,
Howe "I didde Forgerries committe uponne myselffe,"
Quhenne those saidde Workes bee liftedde fromme the
Shelffe :

Butte Shak, orre Shake, orre Sheake, is aulle oune Thyng,
To boare the Critticks Earre with smartfule Ringge,
Ande Spere, ande Spear, and Speare doth butte implye,
Thatte Spearmenne Wittes may misse, "that I am I."
Ande thoughe by Engglishe Scribblers deamm'd a dire
Landde,

Mye scribbling Rellicks wille be founde in Irelandde.

(Signed)

Williamme Shakespearre.

Straitforward upponne Heavenns,

Christopherre Credequivult,

Nicodemus Nguintelligitur,

Witneses.

Apriliss Primus, 1604.

A recruiting serjeant, addressing an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets in Manchester, with—"Come my lad, thou'lt fight for thy King, won't thou?"—"Voight for my King," answered Hodge, "*why has he fawn out we ony body.*" 1796.

A Cheshire rustic, waited upon a Justice of Peace, with a substitute for the supplementary militia; when he accosted him with—"An yo pleasen, measter Justice, I an broughten yo a prostitute to sarve in the superstitious militia."—"Have you so?"—cried his worship—then bring the lady in. 1797.

Recipe to keep a person warm the whole Winter with a single Billet of Wood.

Take a billet of wood of the ordinary size, run up into the garret with it as quick as you can, throw it out of the garret window; run down after it (not out of the garret window mind) as fast as possible; repeat this till you are warm, and as often as occasion may require. It will never fail to have the desired effect while you are able to use it. *Probatum est.*

One side of the gold coins of this country is Georgius III. Dei Gratia: and on the other M.B.F.ET.D.REX.F.D.B.ET.L.D.S.R.I.A.T.ET.E. They mean Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, of Brunswick Lunenbourg Duke, of the Holy Roman Empire Arch-Treasurer and Elector.

Pills to recover strayed Cattle.—A foolish idle fellow at Florence, hearing that a physician had obtained great credit and wealth by the sale of some pills, undertook to make pills himself and to sell them. He administered the same pills to all persons whatever; and as by chance they sometimes succeeded, his name became famous. A country man called on him, and desired to know if his pills would enable him to find an ass which he had lately lost. The Quack bade him swallow six pills. In his way home, the operation of the pills obliged him to retire into a wood, where he found his ass. The clown spread a report, that he knew a doctor who sold pills that would recover strayed cattle.—These pills must be of a very *searching* nature.

TOBACCO.—It is well known that the family of the Stewarts had an unconquerable aversion to Snuff and Tobacco; It is also well known that our *British Solomon*, King James the first, wrote a *folio* book call'd; "A COUNTERBLASTE TO TOBACCO." This *religious, learned,* and elaborate performance, concludes with the following singular and *convincing* sentence on the *enormity* and *sinfulness* of *smoking*. "It is a custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearly resembles the horrible stygian smooke of the pit that is bottomless."

See the Works of King James, folio Edit. p. 222.

Almanack makers have time immemorial been considered as Poets: Perhaps the stars have a poetical influence upon Astrologers. At the head of an Almanack published a year or two ago, is the following regal table:

“Eight Henries, twice three Edwards, and one Stephen,
Have on the English throne been plac'd by Heaven;
Three Williams, Richards three, Elizas one,
Have in their turns supported Albion's crown:
One John, two Charles's, James two, Marys two,
Have also rul'd the throne and bid adieu:
Three Georges have grac'd the throne, and one Anne,
All deem'd the best of Princes to a man.”

An old writer remarks on Christmas that it is a very happy time.—

—“For those who deal in books,
Not sold to readers, but to pastry-cooks;
Learn'd works, despis'd by those to merit blind,
They now well weigh'd, their certain value find.
Blest lot of paper, fallaciously call'd waste,
To wrap those cates which Authors seldom taste.”

Christmas retains in several parts of this kingdom, particularly in some parts of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, the Saxon appellation of Yule, which was a peculiar solemnity, celebrated about the winter quarter, in honour of Thor the son of Odin, and frequently conducted, according to the genius of our Saxon ancestors, with the utmost excess of feasting, drinking, &c.—Hence Yule Cakes, Yule Clogs, Yule Candles, &c.

The parish of little St. Mary, or Low Bailey, in Durham, contains about sixteen or eighteen dwelling houses: there is not any thing to be sold in the parish, neither bread, cheese, butter, nor ale or spirits, and only one tradesman in it, who is a plumber and glazier; the late Dowager Lady Eden, and the late Mrs. Liddle, each served the office of constable; the incumbent in 1791 was Mr. Hazlewood.

On the derivation of the word News.

The word explains itself without the muse,
And the four letters speak from whence come News;
From North, East, West, South, the solution made,
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

The Matrimonial Ring.—The ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract. “Howbeit,” he says “it skilleth
“not at this day what the ring be made of—the
“form of it being round, and without end, doth
“import, that their love should circulate and flow
“continually. The finger on which the ring is to
“be worn, is the fourth on the left hand, next unto
“the little finger, because there was supposed a vein
“of blood to pass from thence into the heart.”

In the year 1424 books were so exceedingly scarce that the Countess of Westmoreland, presented a Petition to the Privy Council, representing that the late King (Henry 5th) had borrowed a Book of her's and praying that an order under the Privy Seal, might be given for the restoration of it; which was done with great formality.

In the hospital endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. at Kirkleatham, amongst other natural and artificial curiosities, is a very singular tree. It had been cut down, and divided into lengths, for the purpose of converting it into firewood, but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out round and entire, the outward part which enclosed it being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner hole or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner, but upon a closer observation are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible:

This tree long time witness bear,
Two true lovers did walk here.

There are likewise other letters, which seem to be the initials of the Lovers' names, who appear to have frequented the solitary spot where this tree has grown, to vent the effusions of their mutual passion, and to enjoy the pleasure of each other's conversation sequestered and unobserved.

ACROSTIC.

Lured by a glance, a smile, a word, a nod,
O ur fine ideas idolize this god;
V ows, oaths, epistles, oft persuasive prove,
E yes are the sweetest Harbingers of Love.

ANAGRAM

BY THE LATE WILLIAM OLDYS.

In word and will I am a friend to you,
And one friend old is worth a hundred new.

A very great Traveller asserted, that he had seen Whitsunday fall on the longest day, on the shortest day, and on the day when the days and nights are equal.—*Query*, how could this happen.—*Solution*. In the Year 1739, the sun entered the sign Cancer, on Whitsunday, being the longest day in North latitude, the shortest in South latitude, and under the Equator day and night. Now the traveller crossing the line on that day sees every article asserted.

Query.—If a person takes a drinking glass, in the form of a funnel, of a none, about half full of clear water, and puts a shilling into it, and a plate upon the top of it, and then turn the whole up side down, he will perceive a piece of money, about the size of half a crown, at the bottom; and a little higher up, another piece the size of a shilling; but if the glass be entirely filled with water, the large piece at the bottom will only be visible.—How is this to be accounted for?

Some persons talking of the variety of business they had seen one man do, in a short time, were interrupted by a person who said he had seen a man, who in one artificial day, could do as much business as an hundred such men as they had been talking of.

Query.—How could that be?

Solution.—In one of the long days between the sun rising and setting in the frigid zone, as the days there are half a year long.

The following lines were placed in a Church, over the Ten Commandments, and remained a century uninterpreted; but by the help of a letter they make two lines in Poetry:

PRSVRYPRFCTMN
VRKPTHSPRCTSTN

E.

There is a word, from which, if you take the last five letters, it is a *male*,—the four last a *female*,—the three last a *great man*,—and altogether a *great woman*.

The prevailing fashion of large Whiskers and Spencers among the Gentlemen, it would appear, has been taken from Scripture, where we find the following passages: "wherefore Hanani took David's servants, and shaved off *one half* of their beards, and cut off their garments *in the middle*, even to their buttocks, and sent them away."—2 Sam. x. 4.

1794.

The *great* coats of the present day, might properly be called *petty* coats.

A London Taylor advertises to make gentlemen's cloaths in the fashion of *the moment*.—This is the quickest transition that has yet been given to that variable adoption.

EPIGRAM.

How different is from Will's, my lot!
My wife obeys my thumb;
She never scolds, nor chides I!—why not?
Thank Heaven, she's deaf and dumb.

A RIDDLE.

I've seen a cobbler crown'd Britannia's King
 I've seen great George the Third at Tyburn swing
 I've seen a highwayman ordain'd a priest
 I've seen a church swallowed by a beast
 I've seen a chesnut bigger then a fox
 I've seen a truss of hay knock down an ox
 I've seen a butcher without arms or legs
 I've seen the moon at breakfast eating eggs
 I've seen an Irishman in England born
 I've seen an infant all to pieces torn
 I've seen a sheet of paper reeling drunk
 I've seen a justice of the peace turn monk
 I've seen a popish bigot spurn the cross
 I've seen a jew fly o'er the town of Ross
 I've seen a kite as big as any whale
 I've seen a mountain lower than a vale
 I've seen a river black as any crow
 I've seen an Eshiope white as driven snow
 I've seen fair Glouc's bosom full of thorns
 I've seen a hedge bedeck'd with cuckold's horns
 I've seen an alderman with wings and tail
 I've seen a peacock smaller than a snail
 I've seen a mite kick down a milking pail
 I've seen a cow play well upon the fiddle
 I've seen a thousand men with books who piddle
 And yet such saps as not to solve this riddle.

BRUSH.

THE ANSWER.

No more a cobbler shall be crown'd our King,
 No longer royal George at Tyburn swing;
 Tho' metamorphos'd in a quaint disguise,
 Change but the stops, the trait'rous medley lies,
 The riddle then is sol'd I make no doubt,
 They're saps indeed who cannot find it out.

PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To crop or not to crop, that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the head to suffer
 The plague of powder, and loquacious barbers,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by the scissors end them ?—to dock—to crop,
 No more ;—and by a crop to say we end
 The head-ach and those artificial cares
 The head is heir to ;—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd—to dock—to crop ;—
 To crop !—perchance be cut ;—ay there's the rub ;
 For, being crompt, how many friends may cut us,
 When we have cast off powder and a tail,
 Must give us pause ;—there's the respect
 That makes our sufferance of so long life ;
 For who would bear the waste of time and clothes ;
 The powdered cape, the back besmear'd with grease,
 The pang of cash mis-spent, barbers delays,
 Their insolence of office, and the jests
 The beau in patience from such praters hears,
 When he himself might his quietus make,
 With the bare scissors ? Who would powder wear
 To stink and sweat under the greasy weight :
 But that the dread of something after cropping,
 Of being cut for ruffs, or the rank name,
 Of black-hair'd democrat, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus custom does make blockheads of us all ;
 And thus the native colour of the hair
 Is whiten'd o'er with the pale dust of fashion :
 And corn, which was design'd the staff of life,
 Is taken from the bellies of the poor,
 And wasted on the noddle.

CROP.

Our tonish fair are all *feathers* and *petticoats*—
 our bucks are all *breeches* and *cravats*. What
 would our sober ancestors have said to this whimsical
 compound ? We can make neither *head* nor *tail*
 of them.

Our British Bells seem to be all in the flying order. It is feared that their next flight will be to join the feathered creation; in which case our sportsmen hope they will still be lawful game.

Since the commencement of the present fine weather our feathered fair are beginning to molt.

SHORT WAISTS. 1796.

When the pads, which but lately were so much the rage,
Were exploded, by ridicule thrown from the stage;
Those ladies who still would pursue their old ways,
(Which indeed by the bye, did not suit well with stays)
Adopted the method I here have decry'd,
So that shou'd they prove pregnant, 'twould not be espy'd.
To Matrons indeed such a dress we'll allow,
As they sometimes may want it, (I need not tell how)
But let virgins appear in a virginal dress,
And depend on't the men will not love them the less.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WAISTS.

In days of old,
As I am told,
(So much has fashion varied)
The ladies waist
Was such a taste,
That hips and all were buried.
But now how strange
The sudden change,
Whoe'er the like did read fir?
For all the fair
We may compare
To NO-BODY indeed fir.

Short Waists are now carried to such an extreme, that the ladies, fearful that the small remnant which remains may run away, have very prudently resolv'd to chain it up.

THE THRIFTY WIFE.

A favourite new Song, written by Miles P. Andrews, Esq. and sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Dingnum, 1795.

I am a chearful fellow, altho' a married man,
And in this age of folly, pursue a saving plan :
Tho' wives are thought expensive, yet who can live alone ?
Then since they are DEAR creatures, 'tis best to have but one :
My choice discovers clearly my prudence and my taste,
I've a very little wife, with a very little waste.

Marriage is a draught we take for better or for worse,
And wise is he who can prevent, the drafts upon his purse ;
But evils are much lessen'd, when wives are well inclin'd,
For if they come across us, they SHAPE them to our mind :
When matters are well manag'd, no need to be strait-lac'd,
You may with little danger, increase the little waste.

Tho' spousy's so discreet, still each fashion she'll display,
Her bosom, heav'n bless her! — *open as the day* :
Her garments (may I venture a simile to beg)
Hang loosely from her shoulder like a gown upon a peg ;
Yet fearful of expences, she shortens them tho' small,
And if she goes on short'ning there'll be no waste at all !

As the Princess of Wales is now looked to as the
leader of the fashions, many Ladies have requested
their Lords to furnish them with *round* instead of
short waists.

DRESS 1796.—The most *fashionable female dress*
is now exactly after the antique statues.—The
flowing drapery, the high zone, and the head com-
pressed as small as possible. The effect is graceful
in the extreme. The use of powder is daily de-
creasing among our British beauties, and dark hair is
the rage of the present moment.

I

The prologue to Reynold's new comedy of Speculation which has been very favourably received in London, contains some very humorous allusions to the straw ornaments at present worn by the ladies :

Of threatn'd famine who shall now complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain.

————— When men of active lives,
To fill their granaries, need but thresh their wives;—
Nor are the matrons alone prolific :

Old maids and young, all, all are in the straw.

————— EPIGRAM.

To spin with art, in ancient times has been
Thought not beneath the noble dame and queen,
From the employ our maidens had the name
Of *Spinster*, which the moderns now disclaim.
But since to cards each female turns her mind,
And to that dear delight are so inclin'd,
Change the soft name *Spinster* to a harder,
And let each damsel now be call'd a *carder*.

G. M.

—————
Bon Mot.—Dr. James was sent for to a widow lady who was not very well, who asked him, if sea-bathing would not be a very good thing for? "why yes madam, if a widow won't keep without being salted."

—————
A Phenomenon !—A lady advertising for a place, says, "she is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

—————
Among our ancestors it was a settled custom that no young woman should have a husband until she had spun a complete set of body, bed, and table linen? Quere, if this custom was to be observed at present, how many of our young women would get husbands.

Of all the vagaries and eccentricities of women, the most extraordinary instance appears in the *Hampshire Chronicle*, that, of a lady who has absconded from her husband, with a *fidler without a nose*.

EPITAPH

Written with chalk on the Tomb-stone of a maiden Lady, who a little time before her death declared she was but 55 (though it was known she was 60) and her age was engraved on the stone accordingly:

A stiff starch'd virgin of unblemished fame,
And spotless honour Bridget Cole by name,
At length the death of all the righteous dies,
Aged but three and fifty, *here she LIES.*

A gentleman in a neighbouring town, who was endeavouring to procure a subscription for the humane purpose of of furnishing some additional cloathing to the British troops on the Continent, happened among others to wait on a certain *maiden* lady in the neighbourhood, who is much more famous for her wealth than benevolence. She told the gentleman, she always understood that Government provided sufficient cloathing for the troops and asked what additional articles he meant: he told her they intended to purchase flannel petticoats for the women, and flannel drawers or *breeches* for the men. At hearing these *indecent* appellations, the modesty of the lady was so shocked, that she declared she would not contribute a shilling for any such *filthy* purpose.

This reminds us of an anecdote that we have some-where read of another *maiden* lady, who having been solicited by a clergyman to contribute something towards the *propagation* of the gospel in foreign parts, refused to comply with his request, on account of the indelicate idea suggested by the word *propagation*.

A young lady reprimanded her shoe-maker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes which she had ordered: and among other objections, insisted that they were not *fellows*.—Crispen replied that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the chastity of her disposition, and that she was not fond of *fellows*.

FROM MARTIAL.

“Uxori nubere nolo meæ.”

A wedding match I'll never strike,
With one that rolls in riches,
Dost ask me why—I should not like
My wife to wear the breeches.

Inferior let your madam be,
Whene'er you try the tether,
Else how, my friend, can you and she,
Be fairly match'd together?

AN EPIGRAM ON MISS. B ———.

To look like an angel, the ladies believe,
Is the greatest of blessings that nature can give,
But faith they're quite wrong; for fair nympts I'll assure ye,
The blessing's far greater to look like a fury,

In Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, are the following Lines, which appear to be written in 1763.

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

“ In the blythe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And call'd her dearest kitten.

And now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives;
O! by my soul my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives.

There is *some little* coincidence between the above and the following lines in Mr. Courtenay's *Epithalanium Cantata*. Query. Which was published first?

Your lovers in amorous toy,
When free from the conjugal pale,
Like kittens their lives they enjoy,
Like cats when they're ty'd by the tail.

In her lesson young Miffey is pat,
She purs like kind puffs with smooth paws,
But wedded—she mews like a cat,
And she spits, and she puts forth her claws.

EPIGRAM.

Said CELIA to DAMON, “ can you tell me from whence
I may know a COQUETTE from a WOMAN of SENSE,
Where the difference lies?”—“ Yes, (said DAMON) I can,
Every man courts the one, t'other courts ev'ry man.”

A noble Lord, in a *billot doux* which he lately
sent to his mistress, assured her, that if the whole
globe was his he would lay it at her feet. 1796.

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages ? to which he replied, “no sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman.”

Bon Mot.—One cannot but admire this answer laconic and sensible of ‘a Lacedemonian Lady, who being interrogated by another by way of sarcasm, “what she brought her husband in marriage,”—“replied”—“chastity.”

The principles of the *rights of women* which are about to be *established*, lie within a very narrow compass.—The Ladies only claim the privilege of *not being contradicted*.

ELLEN.

I early found my tender heart
Too apt to take a lover's part,
And sometimes lost, or nearly;
I straight resolv'd to be a wife,
And whomsoever I chose for life,
I vow'd to love him truly, dearly,
Around me then came many a lad,
Some for the little wealth I had,
And some for fancy merely;
I still was deaf to all they said,
For I resolv'd no man to wed,
Till I should love him truly, dearly.
But soon my will to one inclin'd,
For my true sailor told his mind,
In honest plainness clearly,
Ah! never let my sailor doubt,
Though far he roam the world about,
His girl will love him truly, dearly.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
 Yet we will wed so say no more;
 And should the bairns you mention come,
 As few that marry, but have some.
 No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
 And bread as well as children send.
 So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
 To live alone she finds it hard;
 I've known her weary every claw,
 In search of corn amongst the straw,
 But when in quest of nicer food
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood :
 With joy I've seen that self same hen,
 That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
 These are the thoughts that make me willing
 To take my *Girl* without a shilling.
 And for the self same cause d'ye see
 Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

JOHNNY.

A LOVE LETTER.

Sir,

We little thought when you came to our house to see my
 sister Sukey, at you were after my cousin Polly allth' time;
 but that woodn't ha been so bad if you hadn't made love
 to me an all, an told me so often how anson I was ann that
 all on 'em was nought at all beside me, and you've deceiv'd
 us every one, for we heard to-day at you're going to be
 married to a fine young lady; but I can't say I believe it
 neither, because tho' you may'nt like couffin nor sister, I
 can't see no reason why you shoudn't like me—so I desire
 you'll write to me directly, to tell me again and again how
 that you will be faithful for ever and ever.

From your loving friend,

JENNY SMILER.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care,
 For Phyllis the fair;
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.
 When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep!
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get :
 But a neck, when once broken,
 Can never be set :
 And that he could die
 Whenever he would :
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could :
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

THE SUBLIMITY OF LOVE.

Place me on the frozen pole,
 And Mary's lip would fire my soul ;
 Or in the deepest hell below,
 And Mary's frown wou'd freeze my heart to snow.

LINES

Addressed by a Sublime Lover to his Mistress.

Whene'er I see those lovely eyes,
I rave, I burn, I dote,—I dies.

A SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail,
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

THE HUE AND CRY

From Poems by the Author of the Village Curate and Adriano.

O yes, my good people, draw near,
My story surpasses belief,
Yet deign for a moment to hear,
And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
Adorn'd like an angel of light,
In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
No snow on the mountain so white.

Silver flowers bespangled her shoe,
Amber locks on her shouider were spread,
Her waist had a girdle of blue,
And a beaver plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
 She bounds o'er the meadow so soon ;
 Her smile is like autumn's clear eve,
 And her look as serene as the moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
 Deceitless and meek as the dove ;
 But there lives not a thief of such fame,
 She has pilfer'd below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day,
 Her neck has undone the swan's wing,
 Her breath has the odours of May,
 And her eye has the dews of the Spring.

She has robb'd of its crimson the rose,
 She has dar'd the carnation to strip,
 The bee who has plundered them knows,
 And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stol'n for her forehead so even,
 All beauty by sea and by land,
 She has all that fine azure of heaven
 In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ransack'd above,
 She hath beggar'd both nature and art,
 She has got all we honour and love,
 And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friends, bring her home,
 And set her down safe at my door,
 Let her once my companion become,
 And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward,
 Whose value can never be told,
 More precious than all you regard,
 More in worth than a house full of gold,

A reward such as none but a dunce,
 Such as none but a madman would miss,
 O yes, I will give you for once,
 From the charmer you bring me, a kiss!

Royal Anecdote.—The Prince of Wales a few evenings ago, in company, observed, that men sometimes got credit for good actions, without ever having dreamt of deserving it; and *e contra*, were abused in the same unmerited way. He then very pleasantly said, that he got credit some years ago, for being *a good young man*, from the following ludicrous circumstance:—Having occasion to go to Bagshot in the winter, he asked Lord Clermont to accompany him. His Lordship, provident against the cold, generally travelled in a kind of flannel hood, to protect his ears and throat; thus equipped, the Prince and his companion pursued their journey, the passengers remarking, “what a good young man he was, to go out thus an airing with his old aunt, the Princess Amelia!”

IMPROMPTU,

On a seat in the country, formerly occupied by the Duke of Clarence, being formed into a small beer brewery.

So the rural retreat of Duke Clarence's Dear,
Is now kept for nothing but brewing *small beer*;
Who can tell the strange use to which things may be put,
Or could think that a *Jordan* would serve for a butt.

ON THE SAME.

Ere the liquor we taste we this question should ask,
Is it likely to have *the old twang of the cask*?

EPITAPH

FOR ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

Here lie

The remains of the Commons of England,
Who, in hopes of a speedy and almost general Resurrection,
Departed this House May 19, 1796,
“*Their works follow them.*”

EPIGRAM

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY.

By W. EWERDINE, F. C. G.

This is the day the Laureat's flowery phrases,
 Aim to adorn our Monarch's reign with praises;
 What more than Wharton, can friend Pye of such worth say?
 George the Third's a good King—June the fourth's—his
 birth-day!

ELECTION ANECDOTES.

The practice which is said to prevail at Aylesbury is by giving five guineas to each voter. The manner of canvassing is by the candidates holding up their hands, and extending as many fingers as they mean to give guineas for each vote. A certain Knight, who was canvassing with all his fingers extended, persuaded the electors that such as voted for him would have ten guineas each elector; this being double the sum they were used to receive, he was chosen by a considerable majority. But being elected, he left the town immediately, and the electors, remained as well satisfied as men ought to be who barter away their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

As Sir Charles Turner and his friends were drinking at the late election, the claret being all drank, Sir Charles said, rather wittily, since the claret is all gone, gentlemen, I'll give you—"The wooden walls of Old England in port."

Hull, June, 1796.

In one of Queen Ann's parliaments, a gentleman of large fortune standing candidate for a borough, he opened an obscure alehouse in the town for the use of his constituents. The landlord thinking this a very proper time to make his fortune, in drawing out his bill, for the mere article of ale, charged 300*l*. The candidate, astonished at such an imposition, refused to pay it, and said it was impossible his house could hold any thing like that quantity of liquor. However, says he, to do you justice, and at the same time not to cheat myself, will you agree to be paid for as much ale as your house will hold? The landlord consented, and a surveyor was immediately sent for, who, after measuring the several square feet of every corner of the house, returned the bill to amount to no more than *forty four pounds ten shillings!*

Sir Richard Steele, who represented the borough of Stockbridge in the reign of Queen Ann, carried his election against a powerful opposition by the merry expedient of sticking a large apple full of guineas, and declaring that it should be the prize of that man whose wife should first be brought to bed after that day nine months.

The non-resident freemen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, immediately previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water, Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of the election cargo, for the sum of 400*l*. to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly accomplished, and Mr. Taylor and Lord Delaval took possession of their seats without any further expence.

The Burgesses of a certain corporation, being convinced of the necessity of opposing an act of parliament which put a greater power into the hands of excisemen, they wrote a very polite request to their representative, desiring him to oppose the same with all his might; as an answer to which they received the following *respectful* letter.

Gentlemen,

I received yours: I am surprised at your insolence, in troubling me about the Excise. You know what I very well know, that I bought you; and I know what you don't think I know, that you are selling yourselves to somebody else; and I know what you don't know, that I am buying another borough. May the curses of heaven light on you all. May your houses be as open and as common to all excise officers, as your wives and daughters were to me, when I stood for your scoundrelly corporation.

A person, reproaching a friend for receiving a member's gift of two guineas, was answered—"My *poverty*, and not my *will*, consented."

MATRIMONIAL ELECTION.

Mr. Reynolds, aged 52
to Miss Carbet, aged 17
Majority on the first day's poll —35

A monied man in the City having lately some business with the Minister, on taking leave asked, "whether it would be Peace or War?" "Really sir," replied the Minister, "I can't inform you, as I have not read a newspaper these ten days." 1796.

EPIGRAM.

It has been attempted by chymists of old,
To transmute, by a process, all metals to gold;
But PITT, by a much more ingenious caper,
Transforms both our *silver and gold* into *paper*.

EPIGRAM

Pitt from the dog-tax is exempt, I find,
The bill excepts such curs as lead the *blind*.

Famine out-faminized ! ! !—By the master of a Danish brig, just arrived, we hear a letter is received from an English gentleman in Paris, of which the following is the substance :—“I have often expressed my surprize at the ignorance betrayed in the London newspapers, when they pretend to give accounts of the state of affairs here. You may be assured, my dear sir, that we are far from being in the flourishing situation they are pleased to represent. For six weeks past Paris has been one undivided and uninterrupted scene of famine, which exceeds any thing of the kind ever heard of; and if Paris is so, you may form a judgment of the unhappy state of the other parts of the kingdom.

“It has, in particular, been said, that our bread was made of chopped straw or hay.—Alas! nothing of that kind of luxury have I been able to procure: the best bread now to be had is made of rotten beans, of wood, and old coffin boards, rasped fine, and mixed with soap-lather. This is 200 livres per pound, and very scarce at that price. As to butchers’ meat, before it disappeared totally, a pound of beef sold for an assignat of 500 livres, and I saw a diamond ring of great value given in exchange for a calf’s pluck.

“Occasional variations, but very slight ones, will take place, but the following is I believe the average price of our markets, if I may call them so. Dog’s flesh, 50 livres a pound; cat’s ditto, 80 livres; a good sized rat, 30 livres; a brace of mice, 30 livres; a seaman’s bisket, fresh 100 livres; ditto, with worms, 50 livres; milk per pint, 40 livres: the few cows that yield it, are obliged to have a guard of 200 soldiers each, for their protection day and night; wine, the smallest sort, 300 livres per bottle. Poultry has long since disappeared, but a crow fetches 50 livres; and a parrot, killed by accident, a few days ago, was sold for double that price.” 1795.

A hint for Caricaturists.—Buonaparte preaching christianity to the Pope, Lansdowne laying down the laws to the Lord Chancellor, and the Clergy instructing their flocks in the military discipline—*“Such things are,”* in the 18th century.

JOHN BULL AND THE PREMIER.

John Bull. Our name as a mercantile nation is gone,
In spite of your *flimsy* endeavour.

The Premier. Indeed your mistaken, indeed you are John
For we’ll be more *noted* than ever.

While the Stadtholder was dancing a minuet at the last ball, at Guildhall, Bath, he actually snored so loud, that every one complained of the *base Viol* being out of tune.

In a caricature at Paris, Lord Malmesbury is asked *how he does?* He politely acknowledges the compliment, and assures the enquirer he will immediately dispatch a courier to his court for an answer.

The demand which some persons make upon Mr. Pitt, (namely, that as he has procrastinated Peace, they insist upon knowing precisely the time of its long desired arrival) leads us to the recollection of a circumstance which happened in Dublin, some years ago. Thousands of people one summer's day, were flocking to the Phoenix Park, to take an advantageous view of the eclipse of the sun; when a wag of the first water, George Nangle by name, got the bellman to proclaim at the Park-gate, that the eclipse was put off by the Lord Lieutenant, for fear it should injure Rathfarnham fair, which was on the self same day.—O, if that's the case, say the good folks, (very well satisfied) we've no business here, but we will go to Rathfarnham. When one of the multitude, being wiser than the rest, desiring to be heard before they dispersed, he climbed upon the pediment over the front of the gate, and with good emphasis and good discretion, he exclaimed,—
 “I'll tell ye what I say to ye; before we go to
 “Rathfarnham fair, let us all go to the castle, and
 “know of my Lord Lieutenant, when he will be
 “pleased to have the eclipse fixed upon for a cer-
 “tainity, so that we might not be disappointed when
 “we come here the next time.” 1796.

A person the other day was expressing his astonishment that the French fleet should sail for Ireland, with only ten days provisions on board. “No wonder,” replied his friend, “they expected soon to arrive in *Pantry Bay*.”

Our brother Pat seems to take it ill of the East winds for having saved him any trouble—Arragh be afy, if you had not blown him to the bottom, I was after blowing him up do you see?

A Stockport correspondent tells us, that such, of late, has been the sudden *abolition* of the *guinea* trade, that his Majesty's profile is called a *stranger* there; and a person of that town has suspended his *last solitary guinea* at his breast, as a locket, by way of *memento* that *such things were!*

Label in the window of a Birmingham wag:—
 "To be seen here, a *Guinea*; admittance one penny."

Anecdote.—A gentleman who had long been attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarin of his many promises and his dilatory performance. The Cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation as Minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. Mazarin's friend replied, My Lord, all the favour I expect at your hands is this: that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honor to tap me on the shoulder, in the most unreserved manner. In two or three years the friend of the Cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the Minister's tap on the shoulder; and Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to persons on such slight security.

Anecdote.—When Henry the IV. of France was once visiting a town at some distance from the capital, according to the usual custom, the *chefe* magistrate began an oration, which Henry, who was a sensible man, had much rather have dispensed with. It so happened, that just as the Mayor commenced his fulsome oratory, an ass began braying—"one at a time, gentlemen," said his Majesty, and rode off; leaving the poor Mayor and his attendants in the greatest chagrin.

The *stamp* on the King of Spain's neck, on the Dollars, is partly illustrative of that Monarch's critical situation—the political state of his country makes it *neck or nothing* with him.

The Abbey Terray.—The following droll incident is said to have occurred during the administration of this great *Concussionaire*: A child, the solitary hope of a noble family, had swallowed a shilling, or a piece of vingt-quatre sols. Application was made to the most skilful of the medical tribe in vain: when at last a physician appeared who promised to effect a cure. Upon further consultation, he confessed his inability also; but said if he were well feed, he could name a person that would certainly perform the operation, and that was the Abbey Terray, the Comptroller General, for he was sure *he could come at it, whenever a shilling was to be found in France.*

Donations —When Marshall Villars acceded to the government of Provence, he received the accustomed compliment of a purse of pistoles. Upon being reminded that his predecessor had accepted only the *purse*,—*Aye*, said the Marshall, (pocketing the gold) *he was an inimitable Governor.*

The following anecdote of Cardinal Richelieu, will serve as a specimen of the despotism of France. — The Cardinal boasted that in four words of writing, even on any indifferent subject, he could find cause for putting the author in the Bastile. One of the courtezans wrote immediately with a pencil, "*three and one are four,*" "three are only one," cried the Cardinal, "this is blasphemy against the Holy Trinity; to the Bastile."

Theret, a man of learning in France, was one morning early taken out of his bed, and carried to the Bastile. The Lieutenant of Police went next day to examine him. "Sir," said Theret to him when he entered, "will you have the goodness to tell me why they have shut me up in the Bastile!" "You have a great deal of curiosity indeed!" replied the Lieutenant of Police, with the utmost coolness, and retired.

Theophilus Cibber was really an ingenious man; inheriting much of his fathers spirit, his literary turn, and his disposition for extravagance: a great voluptuary, and in every way indiscreet in his conduct. He acknowledged that the following *jest* related of him was a fact, viz. that once, when applying to his father, the Laureat, for a supply of cash, the old gentleman said, "*Theophilus you are an expensive dog! When I was your age, I never spent half so much of my father's money.*" "Sir," said young graceless, "I dont know how that might be, but I know you have spent a vast deal of my father's money."

The following little anecdote, told by Richardson, the Painter, affords a useful hint to those who are asked to decide upon the originality of pictures, drawings, or other original works of art: "Some years since a very honest gentleman came to me, and amongst other discourse, with abundance of civility, invited me to his house. I have, says he, a picture by Rubens, it is a rare good one: there is little Howard the other day came to see it, and says it was a copy; D—n his soul, if any one dares to say that picture is a copy, *I will break his head.* Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come and *give me your real opinion of it.*"

'A world in purchase for a friend is gain.' So says Young, and so says General O'Hara. The General was at Lyons during the massacres at that place, and was compelled to witness those horrible executions, *when the executioners were standing up to the ankles in human gore!!!!* One of the commissaries proposed that the General should be added to the number of headless trunks; but his request was not attended to. Some time after, General O'Hara happened to be in company with the commissary, when he asked him the reason of his making the proposal to put him to death. "My dear friend, said the Frenchman, it was not for any disrespect that I made the proposal—it was merely the thought of the moment, and it is not worth talking of now."

The Empress of Russia, in vindication of her claims on Poland, adduces as an instance of her right, a claim of consanguinity made *four hundred and fifty years since*, and which her ancestors had not leisure to settle!

Gluttony.—About ten years ago, the Duke of Queensberry made a bet of ten thousand guineas, that he would produce a man who could eat more at a meal than any one Sir John Lade could find: the bet being accepted, the time was appointed; but his Grace not being able to attend the exhibition, he wrote to his agent to know what success, and accordingly received the following note:—"My Lord, I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that your man bet his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pye."

(Signed)

J. P.

Dr. Hough, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his Lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, which the Bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by this accident, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident—"Be under no concern, my dear sir, (says the Bishop smiling) I think it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had a dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember in my life ever to have seen the glass so low."

The late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessful ; during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health above that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminding him of it, said, "come Doctor drink the lady your toast." The Doctor replied, "I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her *Brown* ;—so I'll toast her no longer."

Dr. King, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce. But the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above-mentioned pickles preserved dry for his use ; which as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him : "I here present you, my lords and gentlemen," said he "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, viz. That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at four score and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher."

The place-hunters feel woefully disappointed at the sudden recovery of Alderman Wilkes. Old Johnny is still capable of keeping an eye to the duties of his office, though he looks very *obliquely* at those persons who wish to deprive him even of the sight of it.

Edmund Burke and Charles Fox supping one evening in the Thatched-house, were served with dishes more elegant than useful.—Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, says,—“Zounds Burke, these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime* and *beautiful*.”

EPIGRAM

Said to be written for the late Fast Day, by the Author of the essay on the sublime and beautiful.

To fast and pray for other joys,
Is doctrine worth attention;
I fasted long enough my boys,
Then pray'd, and got a pension.

Anecdote.—The following circumstance is an instance of the whimsical eccentricity which distinguished the character of the late Duke of Montague. His Grace, one evening, accompanied by a few very facetious friends, took a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive to the back of St. Clements; when they were arrived there, the Duke got out and walked round the coach to the other door, and was, in consequence of a concerted plan, followed by his friends: they entered the coach on the side opposite to where the man stood, and passed through the coach one after another eighteen times, to the astonishment of the coachman, who ran into the first public house he saw, and in the utmost fright declared he had been carrying a legion of devils, for he had counted eighteen of them, and they were coming out still!

Bon Mot.—As Lewis Pigott was scratching his head at a bookseller's in Piccadilly, a gentleman remarked that he seemed to be plagued with *Republicans*; rather says another gentleman, by *Courtiers*; if we may judge by their attachment to the crown, “true,” replied a celebrated wag of opposition, “the crown is always surrounded with vermin.”

General Lee being once in company with an English Officer and his daughter, was declaiming vehemently on the necessity that America should be independent of Great Britain; and at length declared, that to obtain it, he would even go down to Hell, and marry the Devil's daughter. The lady, with a look of the utmost consternation, exclaimed, “Good God! I have heard that General Lee was a very wicked man, but I could never suspect him of such baseness as to form a resolution of marrying *his own sister*.”

Tallien and the Devil.—Amar, one of the commissioners of the Convention, met, on his road to Paris, a young man of Bourdeaux: “Citizen,” said the latter, “are you going to Paris,” “yes,” “will you tell Tallien and Isabeau that if they have any message to send to the Devil, they may address it to me, and I will charge myself with the commission.”

The late Mr. Foote's tallow-chandler complained to him that he had been robbed of a great number of candles, “never mind (said Foote) they will all come to light in time.”

M

On the appointment of the late Field-Marshal Conway to be secretary of state in the year 1766, Hume was asked, if he was not surprised that a *general Officer* should have that promotion. "Not at all, sir, (says Hume)—consider that the political interests of Great Britain are always best supported by *men of war*."

The Ambassador from the States of Holland, intending a compliment to Queen Elizabeth after the defeat of the *Invincible Armada*, said, "when the Spaniards attempted to invade your Majesty's kingdom, they took the wrong *sow by the ear*."

The highest living compliment was paid to Newton, who was thus addressed by a Foreigner, "Sir Isaac Newton—*on earth*." He was loth to gratify England with the pride of holding such a being.

One day when the late Alderman Sawbridge was harranguing on his annual motion in favour of annual parliaments, looking over the Treasury Bench (the day being extremely hot) he observed Lord North with his head reclining upon his left shoulder, seemingly asleep; upon which he stopped short and cried out, "but what signifies my endeavours to come at the root of this political evil, when the noble Lord in the blue ribband is so little attentive to me that he falls into a profound sleep!" This raised a laugh with the Alderman's party, which his Lordship immediately turned against them, by observing, loud enough to be heard, "no I was not asleep, but I wish to God I had been."

Anecdote of Mr. B——w, the celebrated Conjuror.

This gentleman was some time ago at Canterbury, accompanied, as he generally is, by a vast number of inferior familiars, where he exercised his dexterity with so little effect, that the whole body of them had almost undergone starvation. This was a fate which was deemed by the whole combined junto much more *præternatural* than any other effect of their art, and they set about a device to prevent its accomplishment. Mr. B——w went to the church-wardens, and proposed giving the profits of a night's performance to the poor, provided the parish would pay the expences of the house, &c. which they agreed to, and gave him the money he told them would be necessary for the purpose. An advertisement was accordingly inserted, and hand-bills circulated, announcing that Mr. B——w and his company would give one night's performance to the poor. The *charitable* artifice succeeded, and the house was filled. The next morning the parish officer waited upon the Conjuror to receive the money for the purpose of distribution. "I have saved you that trouble," says Mr. B——w, "I have already disposed of the money."—What! replied the officers, did you not promise in your bills that the profit of the benefit should be given to the poor! "Very well," rejoined Mr. B——w, "and I have been as good as my word; I have given it to my own company, who I am sure are de poorest people in all this parish." Sir, resumed the officers, this is a trick. "I know it," says *hocus pocus*, "I live by *tricks*." The disappointed church-wardens found it was needless to set their wits to a conjuror's, and were obliged to depart without their booty. 1795.

The late Earl of Guildford being told that his large pair of gouty shoes had been stolen, "Well, well, (said his Lordship, with his usual pleasantry) all the harm I wish the thief is, that they may *fit him*."

EPITAPH

ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The groans of learning tell that Johnson dies—
 Adieu, great critick of colossal size;
 Grateful, ye virtues, round his tomb attend,
 And deeply mourn your energetic friend.
 Avaunt, ye vices, he was foe to you,
 Yet one, the subtlest of your tribe, he knew—
 He knew—but, envy, to his fame be just!
 And, though you stain'd his spirit, spare his dust.

Mr. Boswell's account of Dr. Johnson's *good things*, is pretty voluminous; but by some accident or other, he has omitted one, which is not unworthy of a corner in his collection. Coming on a sudden into the Doctor's lodgings one morning, Mr. B. exclaimed, "Heavens, what a scurrilous world is this! What do you think I have just heard you called, Doctor? they say you are a great *bull dog*." "Ah!" said the Doctor, "and what do you think they say of you, Bozzy, that you are a *tin kettle tied to his tail*."

The King's Conge d'Elire, recommending a man to a Bishopric, Dr. Johnson aptly compared to throwing a man thro' a window, and recommending him to *fall to the ground*.

When Prince Gonzago de Castihone was in England, he dined in company with Dr. Johnson, at the house of a common friend; and thinking it was a polite, as well as a gay thing to drink the Doctor's health, with some proof that he had read his works, called from the top of the table to the bottom (the table filled with company) *to your good health Mr. Vagabond.*—It is almost unnecessary to mention, that the Prince meant a compliment to the celebrated Author of the Rambler, but mistook the phrase from the attention to synonymy.

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.—That the following circumstance should have escaped the vigilant observation and accurate research of Mr. Boswell, who has collected every particular respecting the Doctor that he conceived would either interest the public or increase the size of his book, is rather surprising. As a person was shewing the Doctor the castle of Edinburgh, he mentioned to him a tradition, that some part of it had been standing three hundred years before Christ. “Much faith,” replied the Doctor, in his usual manner, “is due to tradition, and that part of the building which was standing at so early a period must undoubtedly have been the rock upon which it was founded!”

Dr. Johnson remarked that he would have no objection to hear a Scotch parson preach, provided he would harangue from a tree. As this is a sort of elevation from which persons in general are only in the habit of delivering their *last speech*, a wag has interpreted the expression of the Doctor very charitably to convey, that he would have no objection to listen to a Presbyterian sermon if the preacher was to make his exit at the conclusion of the discourse.

In former times, when the Highland Chieftains were not so prompt in their payments, a tradesman from the low Country, impatient for his money, found, with some difficulty, the way to one of their castles. Arriving at night, he had his supper, and was put to bed. On looking out in the morning, he observed opposite to his window a man hanging on a tree. Asking a servant the reason of it, he was told, "he was a Glasgow merchant, who had the impudence to come here and dun the Laird." The tradesman, immediately calling for his boots, went off without unfolding his errand. The Laird had caused the effigy of a man to be hung up, in the night, and instructed his servants what to say, which had the desired effect.

Anecdote.—A countryman in Scotland, who was very fond of apples, especially if they came cheap, was one day getting over the hedge into his neighbour's orchard; who, happening to be walking towards the spot at the time, cried out, "hoot, hoot Sawny, where are thee ganging?"—"Bock again," replied the thief, with the utmost sang froid.

About thirty years ago, great complaints were made that the watchmen of London and Westminster had neglected their duty to a great degree. On this a wise senator in the house of commons moved for leave to bring in a bill to *compel* watchmen to sleep in the day time, that they might the better discharge their duty in the night.—The late Sir James Creed begged the honourable member would include him in the bill, "for he was so cursedly troubled with the gout, that he could neither sleep night nor day."

An impudent and overbearing Attorney, once in a company of farmers, whose estates did not qualify them to shoot game, was observing, with more regard to his own importance than the feelings of the audience, that in addition to his own *little manor* he had lately obtained permission to range in a neighbouring one, "so that" (continued he) "You see, gentlemen, I have now *two little manors*." — "Very true," (replied a person at his elbow) "You have indeed *too little manners*."

"Sancho!" said a dying planter to his slave, "for your faithful services I mean to do you an honour; and I will leave it in my will, that you shall be buried in our family ground." "Ah! massa," replied Sancho, "Sancho no good be buried — Sancho rather have de money or de freedom; besides if de devil come in de dark to look for massa, he make de millake, and take away de poor *negro man!*"

A dispute happening between two officers on board a vessel, whose crew were a mixture of Irish and English, in the course of the contest one of them asserted, that the English could not answer a common question with half that propriety natural to the Irish. A bet being proposed, it was agreed to try the question immediately. An Englishman was asked what he would take to go up aloft blindfold in a hard gale? "I would take a month's pay," said the fellow. "And what would you take Pat?" said one of the officers to an Irishman. "Nothing," said the Irishman "but fast hold!"

EPIGRAM.

No wonder that science and learning profound,
In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound :
When such numbers take thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

W. M.

Such are the unaccountable tricks of youth, that
we find a young gentleman of 34, advertised as
having run off from his father and mother, a few
days since.

1797.

A Hereford paper mentions, that such is the rage
for Psalmody at and near that place, that *psalm*
singing lozenges are actually applied for : and that
a man, discovered a few nights ago under a bridge,
was, by his own account, only *catching a little cold*,
that he might be the better able to sing *bass* on the
ensuing Sunday.

Crispin Wit.—A cobbler being censured by a dis-
appointed customer for getting drunk and not
attending in his *stall* on the Queen's birth-day,
replied, "sir, you ought to know that this is a
holiday " at *all the public offices.*"

EPIGRAM

ON A LAME BEGGAR.

I am unable yonder beggar cries,
To stand or move. If he speaks truth—he lies.

A counsellor not long since attempted to quiz a
country parson who had a fine snuff-box.—"Doctor,"
said he, "your box is large enough to hold the free-
dom of a corporation."—"Sir," said the priest,
"it will hold any freedom but yours."

A gentleman who had proposed to enter into the corps of Volunteer Cavalry, which is to be raised in this town, was observing to his friend that he was very much troubled with the rheumatism, and though he could mount a horse with great ease, he was afraid he should frequently be unable to get off —Pho! said his friend, you may be easy on that score, you will most likely be *killed* off. *Hull, 1796.*

An Irish recruiting officer, at Manchester, some time since, related the following anecdote to induce some of the wondering auditors to enlist under his banner, "Gentlemen, to prove to you how very profitable the profession of a soldier in the present war is,—there were no less than fifty-three *gold assignats* taken from the *breeches pocket* of a single *Sans Culotte* after the battle of Jemappe.

A veteran of the *halbert*, who is employed in raising one of the new regiments of infantry, was overtaken late in the evening, on horseback, by a gentleman rider, who taking him for an officer, brought him to his inn, and introduced him into the room where several gentlemen of the *saddle bags* were about sitting down to supper. The hero of the *worsted sash* modestly standing till the rest were sat down, found the head of the table only left.—There he was placed. Supper done, and all glasses charged, after a long pause, the *Vice*, at the bottom of the table, wanting the first toast from the chair, calls to the military president, "*well sir, what will you give us!*" The honest serjeant, better versed in the doctrine of *bounty money* than toasts, mistook the enquiry, and answered quite in character, "*I'll give you fifteen guineas and a crown.*"

A company of Independent Volunteers at a market town in Yorkshire, were summoned to a formal meeting, a little time ago, for the important purpose of considering whether it would be more eligible to have their hair dressed in a *club* or *queue*. After a debate of considerable length, they resolved, that tho' the *club* was more proper for *soldiers*, yet the *queue* was more proper for *gentlemen*; it was therefore determined in favour of the latter by a majority of two.

1797.

Tommy the Ventriloquist.—This curious genius was once in the Market-place, Sheffield, when he addressed a fish-woman on the price of her fish, and holding up a tench, he put his finger in its mouth, and asked the woman if it was fresh; to which she replied that *it was in the water yesterday*, he might be assured. Tommy, throwing a sound into the fish's mouth, said, *It's a dam'd lie: I have not been in the water this week, you know it well.* The woman fell as flat as *flounder*, and it is said, was never known afterwards to tell a lie.

A young lady in Cheshire, who had been deceived by three different lovers, of which one was a Presbyterian, the other an Irishman, and the third a Clergyman, made a solemn vow never more to have any connection with either *Irishman*, *Presbyterian*, or *Parson*. Shortly after a gentleman, who was a stranger, but of very amiable manners, and very pleasing address, having offered himself to her, she consented to marry him, and after their marriage it appeared that he was—an *Irish Presbyterian Parson*.

Reversing the order of things.—An old man who had seen something of the world, and who was desirous that his son should profit by his experience, told him that nothing was more important in the conduct of life, than to do every thing in its proper order and proper place. For instance, said he, if you desire to settle in the world, get first a *house* then a *wife*, then a *child*. The young man, however, profited as little, by this short lesson, as the son of the Earl of Chesterfield, profited by his Lordship's voluminous lessons, for he got first a *child*, then a *wife*, and then a *house*.

Ways and means.—*A literal fact.*—A labouring man, in Salford, has a wife, who, like some of her sex, is rather fond of a drop of the *good creature*, but withal very industrious, having sacrificed rather too freely to the *jolly God*, was under the necessity of pawning her husband's clean shirt;—it being wanted on Sunday morning to change poor Hodge's linen, she was much distressed how to get it back; when she was suddenly struck with the singular idea of depositing in the *iron gripe* of the pawn-broker, a *leg of mutton*, intended for the Sunday's dinner—accordingly the *leg walked off* to the broker's, and proved a good *shift* to redeem the *shirt*. Dinner hour approaching she was once more in a dilemma, and the mutton being in *duranee*, it would have puzzled Mr. Pitt himself to get out of it.—Honest Nell, however, with an imagination as fertile as may be, instantly washed Hodge's dirty shirt, dried and ironed it, away she ran to the pawn-broker's, and had the mutton smoking hot on the table by noon!—*All's well that ends well.*

“What will the French do for food?” (said a person, in talking on the Invasion of Ireland) They will live by pillage, to be sure, was the reply. “O, sir,” rejoined the former, “but you may depend upon it the *magistrates* won’t let them.” 1797.

A sailor’s wife has lately received a letter from Portsmouth, signifying that her *husband* had taken a French *fleet*, and was in pursuit of several others! Of a piece with this was a letter written by the wife of a French sailor, a native of Gascony. —“My husband,” said she, “is gone to sea again. The English, therefore, have nothing to do but to take care of themselves, for he has vowed vengeance against them, and he was always as good as his word.” 1797.

EPIGRAM

The production of a young man at College, the master of which, who had set him this imposition, Omne ignotum pro magnifico est, kept a pair of coach horses, perfect Rosinantes in condition: thin almost to transparency.

His nags sworn enemies to pamper’d steeds,
On hay and stubble old Avaro feeds,
Bred in his fields, and in his stables born,
What VAST IDEAS they must have of CORN!

Brotherly love.—Surely the good old days of Bishop Bonner are returned, and shortly we may expect to see political heretics roasting in the fires rekindled in Smithfield.—We are assured the following toast was drank in a public manner, “may the tree of Liberty be transplanted into Hell, and eternally bear as fruit the souls of all Republicans.”

1796.

AN EPIGRAM.

Two juvenile poets at Bacchus's shrine,
Imagining wit was enliven'd by wine,
Too freely had tippled the stores of the barrel,
And with stigmas thrown out had near come to quarrel.
Says one when you want your stiff verses to shine,
You haste to some author, and there crib a line :
But you says the other, for want of instruction,
Not content with a line, stole all your production*.

* Alluding to a person who copied a Winter piece verbatim from the Hull Advertiser for March 13th, 1796, signed S. W. G. and put it in the Ladies Diary for 1797.

Anecdote — The following ludicrous business was transacted a few years ago, at Swinton near Rotherham, by Jonathan Towett, a farmer there, who suspected some illicit practices between his wife and William Taylor, a porter of that place :—Towett agreed to sell his wife to Taylor for twenty-one guineas ; the bargain was struck, and Mrs. Towett was actually delivered to Taylor, who paid the money at Wath Bowling-green, to which a regular procession was first made, in the following order ; Towett went first, having his head ornamented by his own desire, with a large pair of Ram's horns gilt ; on the front of which was wrote in golden letters, "*cornuted by William Taylor* ;" a broad collar was fixed about his neck, to which a ring and a cord was fastened ; one of his neighbours led him, and the wife with a halter about her neck, was led by her husband to the place appointed, amidst the shouts of upwards of one thousand spectators.—Towett returned the purchaser one guinea for good luck, and all parties seemed perfectly satisfied.

THE NINE WISHES.

One female companion to soften my cares,
 Two thousand a year to support my affairs;
 Three dogs and a gun to pass away time,
 Four horses and chaise to indulge me and mine;
 Five jolly companions with whom to make merry,
 Six dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry;
 Seven beds in my house for my friends at their leisure,
 Eight somethings or other to add to their pleasure;
 Nine pounds in my pocket when the same I require,
 Oh! grant me but this heaven, and no more I'll desire.

Power of conscience.—Some little time ago, a conscientious milk woman of Bristol, having strong objections in her mind to the common practice of mixing milk and water together, in nearly equal quantities, and who yet was loth to relinquish the profits of that part of the trade, hit upon the following method of mixing the milk with water, so as not to alarm her conscience; she caused the cows to drink plentifully of water, at the time they were milking, in order that the mixture might be made, *before the milk came into her possession*

"This last seed-time I was in the field (says the late Rev. Robert Robinson of Cambridge, in one of his letters) along with a young gentleman who looks after my farm, and he was digging a water-furrow across a land. It was strong clayey soil, and he groaned, so that in pity, I took the spade and went into the ditch, which was very dauby, and presently groaned too, at which he fell a laughing. What do you laugh at? "pardon me sir, I recollected that a minister lately said in his sermon, that preaching was the hardest work that was done under the sun. I wish the fool was in the ditch, he would soon learn that some of his authors had taught him to tell fibs."

AMUSEMENT IN MODERN HIGH LIFE.

The bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat;
 Up starts his Lordship—to the window flies,
 And lo!—'A race, a race,' in rapture cries.
 'Where?' quoth Sir John.—"Why see two drops of rain,
 "Start from the summit of the crystal pane;
 "A thousand pounds which drop with nimblest force,
 "Performs its current down the slipp'ry course."
 The bet was fix'd, in dire suspense they wait,
 For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll, like pearls from Susan's eyes.
 But, ah! the glittering joys of life are short;
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport:
 So that attraction by coercive laws,
 The approaching drops into one bubble draws.
 Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd,
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.

Bon Mot.—Of a man who was stuffed full of puritanism, a person expressed a doubt whether he had any religion in his heart. How can it be in his heart, says another, when it's always in his *mouth*?

A country Justice, lately haranguing the Jurymen at a quarterly meeting, having occasion to mention the badness of the roads.—"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not agoing to the further end of the country to prove what I say; for the way that I am obliged to go to my own house, is quite *unpassable* to any thing but a *beast*!"

A criminal who was on the point of suffering death, very unwillingly permitted Jack Ketch to put the halter about his neck; but being equipp'd with it, says he, I wish Mr. Jack (touching the cord) you would find a more eligible *situation* for me, for really I do not like *this line of life*.

To know what is requisite.—A gentleman was some time ago in want of a footman, and having procured one, asked him if he understood the requisites. The fellow hesitated, and begged the gentleman to explain himself, for really he did not know what he meant. The gentleman replied, “suppose I ordered you to lay the cloth, you would naturally conclude that knives, forks, &c. were the requisites.” “Oh! rejoined the footman, I entirely comprehend you, sir, and you may depend upon my attention to that or any thing else you employ me in.” The servant was hired, and was a few days after ordered to go for the apothecary, his master being ill. Away John posts to the apothecary, from him to the physician, and so on to the undertaker, and all three soon after waited on his master. On their arrival the gentleman rung the bell, and John soon obeyed the summons. “How is this John (said he) I only ordered you to go for the apothecary.” “True sir, (replied John) but I recollected the *requisites*.”

A clock and watch maker in a provincial town, who is at present prosecuted by the Corporation as having no right to exercise the business, has advertised to his customers “that notwithstanding the attempt to *dog* his industry, he will always find in their favours a *spring* of grateful exertions, and that if countenanced by their support, in spite of the malice of Corporations, he will continue to make and repair clocks and watches *till the end of time*,”

Anecdote.—A country schoolmaster, who acted also as a barber to his village, being in dispute with the parish clerk, on a point of grammar—" 'Tis downright barbarism, said the clerk—" *Barberism!*" replied the pedagogue, "do you mean to insult me? —a barber speaks as good English as a parish clerk any day!"

Some of the wicked inhabitants of Nottingham have lately been guilty of a most notorious act of sedition.—On a board, placed up by the police, at the extremity of the town, they have erased the word "*Vagrants*," substituting "*Tyrants*" in its place. And it now reads, "all *Tyrants* entering this town, will be *whipped*, and sent to their *settlements!*"

Attempt at wit.—The editor of a certain London paper, remarkable for the *shrewdness* of its remarks, thinking it necessary to enliven the dullness of political details with now and then a few witticisms, has lately favoured his readers with the following valuable *morceaux*.

"We suppose the King of Prussia is going to forbid the use of *sedans* among his subjects, as he has prohibited all communications with the *Poles*."

"The situation of the Dutch is so alarming, that in order to secure the *salvation* of the country, it must be completely *dam'd*."

The above are certainly worthy of being handed down to posterity, as specimens either of the *exalted* or *depraved* taste of some of the *literati* of the present age;—which of the two let our readers determine.

EPIGRAM.

A NOXIOUS DRAUGHT.

No wonder, cries Ned, we are poison'd with beer,
 If you look to the process of hops through the year;
 'Tis blubber and horse-dung that rear up the plant,
 Which is brought to perfection by brimstone you'll grant.
 But the brewer not finding them nauseous enough,
 Adds *caculus indicus*, *quasia* and *snuff*. I. B.

A Ghost.—Upwards of a thousand people were
 lately assembled in Long-acre, London, viewing a
 Ghost on the top of the house, the corner of Cross-
 street. The Ghost was seen very plainly to move
 its head round; and some of the women in the
 neighbourhood, who were too much frightened to
 go to bed, *actually* discovered at day-light that it
 was a—*Weather-cock*. 1796.

EPIGRAM

*On Mr. Paul, a merchant in a certain town, eminent
 for his attention to business on Sundays.*

Paul the martyr did maintain,
 That godliness is real gain,
 But Paul the merchant did profess,
 The real gain of godliness.

FROM ANACREON.

The earth drinks the clouds,
 And gives drink to the tree;
 The sea drinks the air,
 And the sun drinks the sea.
 The moon drinks the sun,
 Each thing drinks another in;
 I drink like them, lads,
 Then what needs such bothering?

EPIGRAM

By the Rev. A. Freston, A. M. Author of "the Formation of the World," a Poem.

When I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the bible *well bound*,
Not as printed by Basket, and *bound up* in black
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief, by the back,
Unacquainted with *ton* and the quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family pray'rs :
His piety pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the *bible* to steal :
But judge my surprize when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it—for fear it should fly in his face.

A brief picture of human life.—What is the whole life of Man ? Even this, my dear friend, and nothing more :—A short hazardous and very unsatisfactory visit from a far country—On our arrival, we take the maudlin breakfast of infancy—By and by, our young hostesses, the passions are dressed, and introduce themselves ; and, kindly pressing on us the luncheon of youthful pleasure, take care to damp our appetites for the solid dinner of manhood—Anon, when a long (or sometimes indeed, a short) day's hunt, after game we never catch, has tired and disappointed us, we sneak in, one after another—(such of us as may not have been quite "done up" in the chase)—Sup on the scraps and pickings of hope,—Endure a perturbed night in the damp sheets of old age and decay ;—Disturb the house unseasonably, to go by the Bath or Bristol* Coach ;—find it too late ;—Mount the bonny old Garran, death,—and are off—for ever !

* Alluding to the medicinal waters.

A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his leg. The grenadier, upon this infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer, by the tip, said, "sir, if you were not my officer, I would extinguish you."

ON THE POWER OF TIME.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand,
The mortal force of time's destructive hand
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welsh divine
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

JEU D'ESPRIT,

On a dispute between an Attorney and a Grocer, who were Assignees of a late Bankruptcy, and who were pompously contending for priority of rank and consequence.

'T wixt man of law and man of tea,
A warm dispute began,
Which of them as an assignee,
Was thought the greatest man;
"Keep your ignee," a wag replied,
Who heard each suasive plea,
"Then both your claims will be supply'd,
For thou'rt an *ass* and *he*."

The contrast formed by the name and the offence of *Virgin*, who lately stood in the Pillory at Hull, reminds us of the lines said to be written by the late Dean Swift, on the door of the Angel Inn, then shut up and without its sign, but which had been kept by two filters, one named *Patience* and the other *Grace*, the former of whom was dead, and the latter given up to a loose life—

PATIENCE and GRACE once kept this place,
An angel watch'd the door;
Now's PATIENCE dead, the angel's fled—
And Grace is turn'd a ———!

Popular justice.—Two Jews old cloathsmen, with venerable beards, were passing by a stable door near Tottenham Court-road, one Saturday, when a couple of jackets so fascinated them, that they could not resist the temptation to give them a place with their own wares. Whilst they were secreting the jackets, the two owners, who were drinking porter on the opposite side of the way, were observing the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Rabbies, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain preparations, which promised better things than a jail, or lawyer's wig, or a fine. They then tied the Rabbies together, matted their beards, and smeared them with warm shoe-makers wax. As soon as the wax was cooled, and the people around had enjoyed sufficiently the sight of the venerable patriarchs in this fraternal embrace, the postillions applied to each nose by intervals, a few pinches of snuff, which occasioned such a concussion of noses and such sputtering, that, of five hundred spectators, there was not one who did not depart highly pleased with this spectacle of distributive justice.

1796.

DIALOGUE

Between an English Gentleman and an Irish Innkeeper.

English gentleman. Holloa, house?

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

English gentleman. Are you the master of the inn?

Innkeeper. Yes, sir, please your honour when my wife's from home.

English gentleman. Have you a bill of fare?

Innkeeper. Yes, sir, the fair of Mollingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.

English gentleman. I see,—how are your beds?

Innkeeper. Very well, I thank you, sir.

English gentleman. Have you any mountain?

Innkeeper. Yes, sir; this country is full of mountains.

English gentleman. I mean a kind of wine.

Innkeeper. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter milk) to burgundy.

English gentleman. Have you any porter?

Innkeeper. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

English gentleman. No, I mean porter to drink.

Innkeeper. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

English gentleman. Have you any fish?

Innkeeper. They call myself an odd fish.

English gentleman. I think so. I hope you're no shark.

Innkeeper. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

English gentleman. Have you any soles?

Innkeeper. For your boots or shoes, sir?

English gentleman. Psha! have you any plaice?

Innkeeper. No sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

English gentleman. Have you any wild fowl?

Innkeeper. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

English gentleman. I must see myself?

Innkeeper. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

An illiterate man in the South of Scotland, lent a sum of money to an acquaintance, upon his own note of hand and without a witness. After some time, he demanded the money, which the borrower refused, alledging that the time of payment had not arrived. His repeated applications were treated in the same manner. At length, fearing the loss of his property, he shewed the note to a neighbour, when it was found to run on these terms. "I promise to pay to, &c. *on the day of Judgment*, the sum of, &c."— After the consternation caused by this flagrant attempt to deceive, the man was advised to apply to a Magistrate, who, instantly summoned the borrower before him. The latter, having the audacity to insist on the impious tenor of his note, the Magistrate addressed him in the following manner; "Then, sir, your own terms shall be acceded to: but *the day of Judgment* may be " *nearer* than you imagine. *This, sir, is the day of* " *Judgment* ; and if you do not instantly pay the " money which you have, by a most daring and " wicked device, endeavoured to defraud him of,— " I will send you to jail, and have you punished " both for the fraud and your prophaneness."

Anecdote.—A curate who had the honour to preach before the Bishop of D. acquitted himself with great ease and self possession. The prelate in conversing with him, inquired by what means he had acquired such assurance, before so large an audience. "I consider them as so many *cabbages*," replied the preacher. "But what do you think of me?" rejoined my Lord. "As a cauliflower among cabbages," said the curate.

A CARD WITH THE REPLY TO IT.

About ten or twelve years ago some robbers broke into the house of a Gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other Articles. A few days afterwards the following Notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:—

A CARD.

“Mr. R——s, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the Gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that: to the table-spoons and to the light guineas which were in an old red Morocco Pocket-book they are also *heartily welcome*; but in the said Pocket-book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him: he therefore hopes, and trusts, they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is with all due respect, theirs, &c.

“W. R.”

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, containing the books and papers, with this apologetical Epistle:—

“Sir,

“You are quiet a *Gemman*. Your Madery we be's not use to, and it got into our upper works, or we would niver have cribb'd your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup* in Duke's plaice two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new christened*, and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been *transported*, you should have had 'em agen, for you are quiet a *Gemman*, but you know, as they have been christened and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wissit you by nite or by day, and are yours til death.

“A. B. & C.”

To prove that the religious fanaticks of the present age are as foolish, if not as malevolent, as the political ones, a certain popular preacher, in this neighbourhood, expressed himself to this effect in one of his late sermons.—“My friends, if you neglect the opportunities which you enjoy under my ministry, there is no doubt but your damnation will be ten fold.—At the great day of judgment the Almighty will address me in this wise “*Mr. G. have you preached the gospel to these people,*—“Yes, sir, but they would not hear me,”—“would not they? then send them to the hottest place in hell.”

Hull, 1794.

An honest farmer who reads the bible every Sunday, (according to the custom of better times) came lately to his Rector, and asked him, “whether this war would not *go hard* with the French?” “The doctor said, if it pleased God, he hoped it would.—“Nay,” says the farmer, “I am sure it will then; for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. “SON OF MAN SET THY FACE AGAINST MOUNT-SEIR.” Now my wife, who is a better *scholar nor I am*, says this can be nothing but *Monfieur*, the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that, for there, doctor, the Prophet adds, “O MOUNT-SEIR! I WILL MAKE THEE DESOLATE!”

A parson in Dumfries was saying from the pulpit, “what was it think you, gude people, that swallowed Jonah? It was na horse, it was na cow?”—“I suppose, said an old woman, it was a whale, your reverence.”—“I suppose, replied he, you are a w——, you might as well take the bread out of my mouth as the scriptures.”

A ludicrous mistake happened a few years ago at a funeral in Marylebone, London.—The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that which says, “our dear *brother* or *sister*,” without knowing whether the deceased was *male* or *female*. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a *brother* or *sister*; the man very innocently replied, “no relation at all, sir,—only an acquaintance.”

An *eminent* holderforth among a set of christians in a Northern county, some time ago, preached a sermon for the edification of his *little flock*, from the following text:—“*But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*” After he had almost exhausted his *eloquence* on this subject, and being fearful lest the comprehension of his hearers had not kept pace with his *oratory*—he concluded the whole by repeating his text, with an additional remark.—“*But (said he) seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you, like paper and packthread, which you always get given over at the grocer’s shop, when you lay out your money.*”

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Occasioned by a reverend divine’s narcotic exposition of the text, “Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.”

By our parson perplexed.

How shall we determine?

“Watch and pray says the text,

“Go to sleep,” says the sermon.

In the course of last year, at a chapel of *ease* not far from Manchester, the minister, after drawling through one chapter, in a tone and manner so very *composing*, as to assist the congregation with that common church malady—the *yawnings and noddings*, at last gave his hearers this exhortation,—
“THEREFORE COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS—*Here endeth the second lesson.*”

A curate reading the following text of scripture, —*“O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.”* Placed the emphasis on the word *believe*, as if they had been called fools for *believing*; on the Rector’s reproof, when he read it next he placed the emphasis on *all*, as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*; the Rector again blaming his manner, the good curate accented the word *prophets*, as if the prophets had been in no *respect* worthy of *belief*.

The frequent prayers put up at present in the churches for rain, remind us of the honest West country parson, who, when desired at a time like the present, to pray for rain, answered, “I’ll willingly do it to oblige you; but it is to no purpose, *while the wind is in this quarter.*”

Characteristic anecdote of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

—When a child, he found the long graces used by his father, before and after meals, very disagreeable. One day after the winter’s provisions had been salted, “I think father,” says Benjamin,, “If you said *grace* over the *whole cask*—once for all—it would be a vast *saving of time.*”

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c.—“Every thing, massa, *work* in this country! *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *dog* work, (he had before noticed the last at Bath) *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *afs* work: every thing work here but the *hog*! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day: the HOG be the only GENTLEMAN in England.”

A clergyman in Essex, who had long *farmed* his *tythes* alternately among his parishioners, began at last to suspect that the rogues endeavoured to keep the income of his *small* living still *less*, and so determined, this year at least, to take his *tythes* in kind. To “*cheat the Parson*” is one of the oldest jokes in the history of agriculture. These gentlemen determined not to be behind-hand with their predecessors; and, in the last harvest, sent for the Parson to take away his *hay* the moment it was cut down, alledging that as soon as it was cut down, into *swathes*, it was no longer grass, and that he might *turn it and cock it himself*. Rather than “go to law,” the Parson submitted, and took his next Sunday’s text on *brotherly kindness*, beginning thus:—“Brotherly kindness may be divided into *three* parts—domestic affection—social love—and charity; from all which proper inferences may be drawn for instruction.—Thus brethren, I give you a sermon in *swathes*—*you may turn it and cock it yourselves*.” The plan succeeded; his parishioners doubled the income acknowledging it even then less than it should be; and thus what *justice* and *law* might have kept from him for years, was given up to a *clerical joke*.

The love of God is always a good but not in this world *sufficient* recommendation ; a poor clergyman travelling through Ireland, stepped into a barber's shop, and begged they would shave him for the *love of God*. After attending some time, he was desired to sit down, and the master of the shop immediately began to lather his beard with cold water, without either soap or cloth, and with a bad razor, which flead and cut at every stroke : after he had commenced the operation, whilst he was thus suffering martyrdom, without daring to complain, a cat pursued by a train of hooting boys, and barking dogs, set up a most tremendous squall ; the barber already in a passion at his indifferent customer, and enraged at such a noise at his very door, demanded, in an imperious tone, "what the devil they were doing there with the cat to make her squall so?"—"It is without doubt," says the clergyman, smarting with agony—a poor cat, that they are shaving *for the love of God*.

True religion.—One Sunday, in the morning, a man, whose appearance bespoke that his creed lies in uncorking a bottle, a kind of bung-hole bigot, reeling up to a person then going to chapel, exclaimed "what thou'rt going to the Methodist meeting this morning ! that's *thy* religion?"—"My religion," replied the former, taking off his hat, is, "*Church and King, and DAMN all Jacobins!*"

Hull, 1796.

The following was given out by the Clerk of a certain church in Sussex:—"This is to give notice, there will be no *Service* here this fortnight, *Master* going to Lewes races."

PETER PINDAR'S EXHORTATION TO THE POPE.

The French are devils—devils—downright devils
 In heavenly wheat accurs'd destructive weevils !
 Abominations ! atheists to a man ;
 Rogues that convert the finest flour to bran ;
 In Vice's drunken cup for ever guzzling,
 Just like the hogs in mud uncleanly muzzling.
 I know the rascals have a sin *in petto*,
 To rob the holy lady of Loretto ;
 Attack her temple with their guns, so warrish,
 And thrust the gentlewoman on the parish—
 A lady all so graceful grey and rich,
 With gems and wonders lodg'd in every fitch.
 Heir of Saint Peter, kindle then thine ire,
 And bid France feel thy apostolic fire :
 Think of the quantity of sacred wood
 Thy treasures can launch into the flood ;
 What ships the holy manager can create !
 At least a dozen of the largest rate—
 And, lo, enough of sweet Saint Martha's hair,
 To rig this dozen mighty ships of war.
 Our Saviours pap-spoon, that a world adores,
 Would make a hundred thousand pair of oars.
 Gather the stones that knock'd down poor Saint Stephen,
 And fling at Frenchmen in the name of heav'n ;
 Bring forth the thousands of Saint Catherine's nails,
 That ev'ry convent, church, and chapel hails—
 For storms, uncork the bottled sighs of martyrs,
 And blow the rogues to earth's remotest quarters.
 Such relicks, of good mother church the pride,
 How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide !
 Son of the church again I say arise,
 And flash new marvels in their sinner eyes !
 With teeth and jawbones on thy holy back,
 Thumbs, fingers, knuckle bones, to fill a sack ;
 With joints of rumps and loins, and heels and toes,
 Begin thy march, and meet thy atheist foes :
 Struck with a panick shall the villains leap,
 And fly thy presence, like a flock of sheep.
 Thus shall the rebels to religion yield,
 And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

CONTENT.

Dear Sam, who the camp and the pulpit have tried
 You ask me what system of life I should choose ;—
 To manage my own little farm is my pride :
 And to lounge were I like in my dirty old shoes.
 In a patron's chill vestibule why should I freeze :
 Why dance up and down at the smiles of the great,
 When to warm my own heart I can clip my own trees,
 And pursue my own game on my own small estate !
 Who would angle for meals that can catch his own fish ?
 As the honey unbought what desert half so sweet ?
 Give me eggs of my own in a clean wooden dish,
 And my hind's lusty daughter to cook up the treat.
 While for health I can plough, and for exercise dig,
 May the wretch who dislikes me my system forbear ;
 May he veil his grey locks in an alderman's wig,
 Grow gouty when Sheriff, and die when lord Mayor.

EPIGRAM.

Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late,
 Of the gravel, some say ; but no matter for that :
 He died, that's enough ; and if story say right,
 Arrived at hell-gates in a pitiful plight.
 " Who's there ?" cry'd the demon, on guard : quoth the
 other,
 " A guilty priest, sir, a catholic brother,"
 " Halt, instantly halt," cry'd the centry ; stand clear ;
 " Go be damn'd somewhere else, for you shan't enter here.
 " We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil,
 " Who above ate his *God* may below eat the *Devil*.

G. M.

" Once," said a Quaker, in a dispute concerning
 the propriety of titles, " I had the *honor* to be in
 company with an EXCELLENCE and an HIGH-
 NESS. His Excellence was the most ignorant and
 brutal of his species, and his Highness measured just
 four feet five inches without his shoes.

In the late war, as a large light collier, called the Black Cat, was on her return from London to Newcastle, the master, (a grave old Quaker) hearing an extraordinary noise on deck, went up, and enquiring the cause of it, was shewn by the mate a small French privateer *lying to*, exactly in their course, which the mate, apprehending intended to board them, told the captain he would *run over her*. Old Broadbrim seemed shocked at this idea, but seeing the course they were steering would carry them clear of the privateer, said the mate? "And art thou determined to consign so many of thy fellow-creatures to destruction? God forgive thee. But if I was inclined to do such a wicked thing, I would *starboard a little*;" which was done, the privateer run down, and, with her crew sent to the bottom.

A medical fact.—An Irish surgeon, who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case what he deemed a Phæomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the *smallest needle*, or to perform any other operation, which required particular *accuracy of vision*: but that when he presented her with a book, "she was not capable of distinguishing one *letter* from another." This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered that,—*The woman had never learned to read!!!*

THE POLITICAL DANCE.

A DREAM.

I had knock'd my last pipe out, and stepp'd into bed,
It was twelve, or at least pretty near;
When the strangest conceits found their way to my head,
And thus Fancy begun her career;
My mind all the day had been thinking on France,
Her fleets and her armies on shore;
So I dreamt that all nations stood up for a dance,
Such a dance as was ne'er seen before.

Sardinia, Germany, Prussia, and Spain,
Were the foremost who jigg'd it away;
Then England stood up—bid 'em play a bold strain,
And with Holland they all danc'd the hey
Thus join'd hand in hand, they all danc'd in a ring,
France caper'd and kick'd in the middle;
But so quick were their tunes that they snapt ev'ry string,
And broke down the bridge of the fiddle.

Tho' the figure was chang'd they still flourish'd their toes,
I ne'er saw such work at a ball;
France took out her snuff-box, and turn'd up her nose,
Saying—"Here's face to face with you all!"
Then she jump'd and she footed, and frisk'd it to Lisle,
She there danc'd the best I must own;
All the company said she *advanc'd* in good style!
But again she *fell back* at Toulon.

Such dancing must harraß poor mortals to death,
I remark'd how each strove for renown;
But Holland declar'd she was quite out of breath,
And, without asking leave, she sat down.
Poor Prussia, fatigu'd, was the next to begin
A proposal to finish the rout;
But Spain starting back, said, "If Prussia *gives in*,
I am sure it is time to *give out*!"

I dreamt

I dreamt there must now be an end of the fun.
 And that no other feats would be shewn;
 For at length other dancers fell off one by one,
 And left England and France all alone.
 But again they went at it—each cry'd, "play away,"
 "Come, fiddlers, strike up to some tune:"
 As to England, her step was so vigorous and gay,
 That I thought she'd leap over the moon.

Then France danc'd to the Nile—but in Egypt, good lack
 My dream was put into a flurry;
 She made a *false step*, and fell flat on her back,
 And I thought she'd not rise in a hurry.
 Now Russia came in, and he danc'd and he jump'd,
 And against all civility's laws,
 In France's thin face his forehead he plump'd,
 And made her to bleed at the nose.

Soon after came Turkey, with visage so grim,
 And he took Mrs. France by the hand;
 He wheel'd her about and he broke her a limb,
 And the vixen no longer could stand.
 Then I laugh'd in my sleeve, as she sprawl'd on the ground,
 In a state never more to look big;
 While Russia, and Turkey, and Austria I found,
 With Britannia were dancing a jig.

Well, I thought I had got all their steps to a charm;
 Nay, while sleeping, I cry'd out, "I've got 'em!"
 When I gave my poor wife such a thump on her arm,
 That she wak'd me by slapping my bottom.

The 67th epigram of Martial, book 6, imitated.

A friend once kindly sent a card
 T' invite me out to dine;
 By which (fool like) I understood
 Good cheer and rosy wine.
 The sideboard groan'd with heaps of plate,
 The room was wond'rous neat;
 The table shone with glitt'ring state,
 But nothing on't to eat.
 Long did I wait: worn out at length
 With hunger and surprise,
 I cry'd, " why zounds, I came to feed
 My belly—not my eyes.

JUVENIS.

Epigram.

Whisp'ring close a maid long courted,
 Thus cry'd Drone, by touch transported—
 " Prithee, tell me, gentle Dolly!
 " Is not loving long a folly?"
 " Yes," said she, with smile reproving,
 " Loving long, and *only loving*."

Epigram.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.

Epigram.

A fool and knave, with different views,
 For Julia's hand apply:
 The knave, to mend his fortune, sues,
 The fool, to please his eye.
 Ask you, how Julia will behave?
 Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave—
 If she's a knave, the fool.

Epigram.

Epigram.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Epigram.

Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent dye;
 Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
 With all these tokens of a knave complete,
 Should'st thou be *honest*, thou'rt a devilish *cheat*.

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

"Oh!" cry'd Arsenia, long in wedlock blest,
 Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
 "Should death divide thee from thy doting wife,
 What comfort could be found in widow'd life!
 How the thought shakes me! heaven, my Strephon save,
 Or give the lost Arsenia half his grave!"
 Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd:
 And should not wives like this (said he) be lov'd?
 Take the soft forrower at her word, and try
 How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie.
 'Twas said and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;
 Arsenia two long months t'outlive him try'd,
 And in the third, alas!—became a bride.

THE WORM DOCTOR.

Vagus, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
 By Cakes of wond'rous force, the worms to kill.
 A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
 And laugh at Vagus's pretended art:
 But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
 For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

On Mrs. POORE, of Plymouth.

The nymph that with riches abounds,
The breast of each lover alarms;
The proverb says, "ten thousand pounds
Is sure to have ten thousand charms."
When beauty or titles e'en fail,
'Tis gold can a lover procure;
Yet strange, not a nymph does here dwell,
But wishes herself to be POORE.

Plymouth.

I. M.

Epitaph in Wrexham church-yard, Wales.

Here lies John Shore,
I say no more.
He was alive
In sixty-five.

EPITAPH ON A LOVER.

Poor Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
Expecting, till midnight, when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curst was the weather that quench'd the man's flame,
Who'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

Epitaph in the church-yard of Bonby, in Lincolnshire.

J—— M——, died 28 Aug. 1788,
aged 23 years.

In bloom of youth
Into this town I came;
Reader repent,
Thy lot may be the same.

Epitaph

OLLA PODRIDA.

Epitaph in a church-yard near London.

Here I lies—no wonder I'm dead,
For a broad-wheel'd waggon ran over my head.

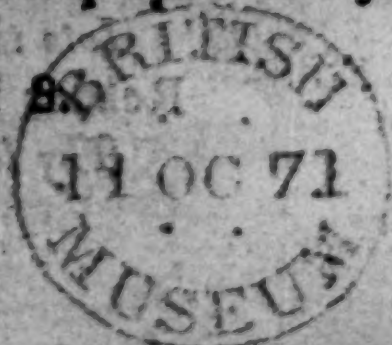
A TRUE FRIEND.

"I heard you much slander'd," cries Richard to Ned,
"T'other day, by an impudent coxcomb; who said,
"That you scarcely were fit to take guts to a bear:"
Well, and what did you say?"—"Why I said that you were."

HULL ALE.

Long time did a silly old proverb prevail
That meat, drink, and cloaths were all found in good ale,
Till a lover of truth went on purpose to Hull,
And, to try an experiment, drank his skin full.
He began to see visions, his head it turn'd round,
Till off from his keffal he fell to the ground:
'There in trances profound this philosopher mellow
Lay all night in the snow consulting his pillow.
Oracular vapours gave prophecy birth,
As Plutarch reports, springing out of the earth.
Whether this was the cause, or however inspir'd,
Our sage gave a sentence will be ever admir'd.
'Twas this—"I pronounce that good ale is good meat,
For I find I have no inclination to eat:
'That good ale is good cloaths you may honestly boast,
For, i'faith! I'm as blithe and as warm as a toast:
But to call it good drink is a lie, I'll be sworn,
For I ne'er was so dry since the hour I was born."
"The cloth," cries a punster, who chanc'd to come by,
"Must be a good drop, if it kept you so dry."

F L N I 80



Hull; Printed by W. Rawson & Co. Lowgate.

